



# The Grail

SEPTEMBER, 1929

*Thy Gift at the Altar*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

*Monte Cassino Since the XI Century*

PETER BEHRMAN, O. S. B.

*Alan's Daughter*

MARY AGATHA GRAY

*Story of the California Missions*

ELIZABETH S. McNEIL

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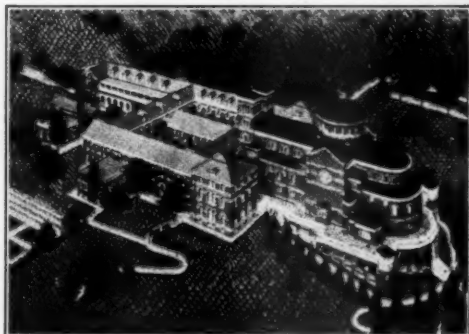
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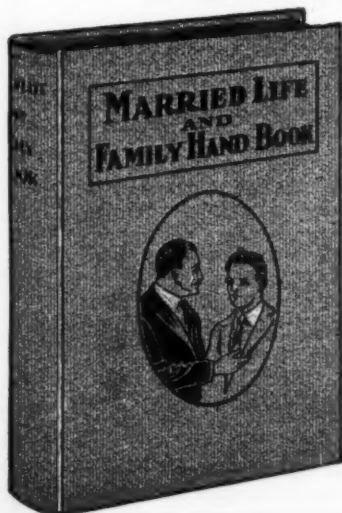
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# The Grail

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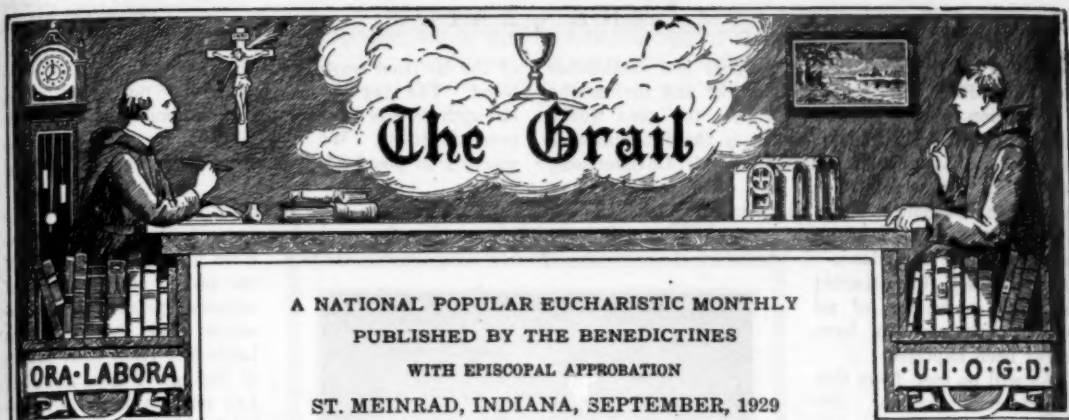
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Hofmann

FORBID THEM NOT TO COME TO ME



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *A Blessed Mission*

Bishop Cantwell, of Los Angeles and San Diego, conceived the idea of a monster mission, diocesan-wide in extent. This great mission idea was carried into effect during the Lenten season of the current year. The results were most gratifying. According to reports from 237 parishes in the diocese 786,570 Holy Communion were distributed, 8,757 persons were brought back to the practice of their duties, and 843 prospective converts were placed under instruction. This is the first undertaking of the kind of such magnitude that has come under our notice. The harvest of souls garnered was well worth the effort. Blessed indeed were the fruits of this mission movement.

### *Messengers of Peace to Men*

The salvation of souls—the redemption of mankind—induced our Blessed Savior to come down upon earth and dwell a few years among men to inaugurate the work of Redemption. That the purpose of His coming be not in vain, or the shedding of His Precious Blood for the washing away of sin prove unavailing, He perpetuated His coming by setting up His tabernacle on earth and remaining therein in His Eucharistic Presence so as to carry on for all time the sublime work He had begun. To increase and multiply His energy, as it were, the Savior enlisted in His service men who should be His messengers and carry to their fellow men the glad message that He brought from Heaven for them.

These messengers are, in the first place, those who have been called to the priesthood. By preaching the Word of God, by offering up the Unbloody Sacrifice of the New Law, and by the performance of the other duties of their office, as well as by their virtuous lives, by which means they give forth the good odor of Christ, priests show forth their exalted calling.

But priests are not the only favored ones. Religious orders of men and women, whether their mode of life be purely contemplative, or contemplative and active mixed, are likewise messengers of Christ. The prayer

of the just man availeth much. Frequently the sweet message of Christ is borne to men, and impressed upon them, rather by the deeds performed by the active orders in ministering to the needy and the afflicted than by word of mouth. Words may produce but an empty sound, while deeds that are inspired by, and proceed from, religious motives ring true. The deed puts over the message.

Good Christians living in the world, who faithfully adhere to the commandments of God and the precepts of His Church, are also to be accounted ministers of Christ. By the constant application of Christian principles to their mode of living, especially in our day when the marriage tie no longer binds the world, when parenthood is set at naught and virtue and decency are outraged, their good lives put over the message of Christ more effectively than a whole library of most eloquent sermons. Good Christians are the salt of the earth, they are a spiritual leaven to the human race and their good example is a magnet the power of which cannot be overestimated in the saving of souls for heaven.

Bad Christians, those members of the Church of God whose lives are not in accord with the teachings of the Gospel, are messengers too—emissaries of the evil one, whose diabolical work they do quite effectively. It is the bad example of just such unfaithful Christians that bring Christianity into ill repute. By their wicked conduct, foul and blasphemous language, they lead many souls astray and keep multitudes from entering the true Church. They are real stumbling blocks to the progress of Christianity. The message they bear is surcharged with sulphur and brimstone. Although they bear the name of Christian, which they disgrace at every turn, they are not messengers of Christ, but of His enemy—Satan.

### *Everyone a Messenger of Christ*

Be messengers of Christ in word and in deed. The Church offers many simple means by which all may take part in carrying on the mission of Christ—the

salvation of souls. For this purpose she establishes confraternities and other pious works and invites the cooperation of the faithful. Among the good works recommended for our cooperation is the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom, which has a threefold object: (1) union and harmony among the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholic Christians,—that is, all Protestants; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians,—who have never been baptized.

As will be seen from this threefold intention, the League is thoroughly Catholic in that it is all-embracing. It excludes no one whatever his race or condition in life. That this threefold object may be attained, members of the League are expected (1) to make an offering each day of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the entire world, and (2) to offer at least once a week (first degree) or once a month (second degree) a Holy Communion received and a Mass heard. These conditions do not bind under sin. There are no other obligations—no fees, no dues, no collections.

The International Eucharistic League offers a simple, yet effective, means of laboring for the salvation of immortal souls. Certificates of membership will be gladly sent to all who apply to the Editor of THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

### *Dove of Peace Seeks Foothold in Mexico*

The dove of Peace has for sometime been hovering over Mexico seeking where to rest her weary wing. Bearing in her beak a green olive branch, which signifies the hope of peace, she now alights, offering the great boon of peace to an afflicted and tortured people. Many have long yearned for her coming, others offer her no refuge.

It was very gratifying to Catholics the world over, and to many others as well, when not very long ago peace negotiations were opened in the most recent land

of the civilized world to bathe the Church in her own blood. The day of martyrdom is not past. God strengthens His faithful thereto whenever the occasion presents itself. We now have some new American martyrs to plead Christ's cause before an unbelieving world.

Churches have been opened again in Mexico to the joy of the faithful, who have long been deprived of the public ministrations of religion, priests have hastened back from foreign lands and from their places of hiding. Peace, however, has not yet been fully established on a solid and equitable basis, but negotiations have been opened, and that is something. Full religious freedom has not yet been granted, but there seems to be ground for hope. Earnest prayer for a satisfactory settlement of affairs should be continued.

### *Neglected Missions in the Homeland*

For some years past the foreign mission bee has been among us buzzing its message—the call to the field afar. We have no fault to find with the gentle creature, nor do we desire to pick a quarrel with it. It is right and proper that some of our forces should go to the fields beyond the sea, but we should not close our eyes entirely to the vast mission field at our very doors. Possibly we can find a satisfactory solution for doing the one and not neglecting the other. Our Bishops are endeavoring to procure concerted action in the mission movement.

In some of our dioceses there are diocesan mission bands which endeavor to reach the scattered Catholics that they may not lose their faith, also to enlighten the non-Catholic element and thus break down the existing prejudice. In many another diocese we hear of little or no effort being made in this respect. Moreover, there is a vast foreign element in this great melting pot of ours that needs

(Continued on page 220)



OUR LADY OF SORROWS

The accompanying poem, "The Lily Mid the Thorns," was composed originally in German for the picture of OUR LADY OF SORROWS (reproduced here), which was painted for the St. Maurus Chapel at Beuron by Dom Desiderius Lenz, O. S. B. The authorized translation of the poem (see next page) was made especially for THE GRAIL by Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A., whose verse has long been a feature of our magazine.



## *The Lily Mid the Thorns*

### I

Beneath the Rood  
A lily flowers, riven by grief's keen dart;  
Upon its slender stalk it long has wooed  
The Sacred Heart.

Textures most rare,  
That lily's leaves are of the deep sea-green;  
Its stamen is shielded from ruffling air  
By calix-screen.

Two drops alone  
May nestle in that realm of holiness,  
Dewdrops from Lebanon, tears of nights' moan,  
Cypress distress.

Silver enshrined  
Those crystals twain; upon their purest water  
A dawn glints of new days for all mankind,  
Redemption's laughter.

'Stead of vultures  
That flap around the Dead—our lily lures  
The angels of Heaven to rift through the skies  
Myriadwise.

Its scent of yore  
Did win the Spirit down to the rose bower  
With dove-winged grace;—and now that fragrance holds  
Our vales and wolds.

Even as far  
As doth the Host of Calvary resplend,  
So far the lily's moonlike sheen doth fare  
To the world's end.

To the world's end  
The shadows of the saving Cross extend  
And the fair lily's shade,—bearing Blood-gems that fell  
In silver quiv'ring shell.

"Field-lilies fair,  
See how they grow, nor spin nor trouble they!—  
And yet no Solomon was clothed more rare  
On Coronation-day!"

## II

Poor lily flower!  
Who now shall tend thee in this garden thine?  
For Solomon, thy King, is crowned with briar;  
His form divine

Hangs mangled, rent  
By ruthless hands; and now the jeering horde  
With mud and spittle give their hatred vent  
Against thy Lord!

"Daughters of Sion,  
Behold the circlet of most rare design,  
With which His Mother crowned the noblest King  
On day of wedding!"

Poor lily-flower  
By the wayside! For thee what heart now bleeds?  
Who envies thee thy Spouse of happier hour  
Who mid the lilies feeds?

Each blade in death  
Sinks o'er the fields beneath the branding sun;  
Yet hath he touched with the pure snow-peaks' breath  
Thy brow so wan!

Loving and kind  
Thy Solomon hath strung thee many a gem  
In ruby necklace, to His Rood to bind  
Thy quiv'ring stem.

III

One lives alone  
Who may well pluck that waning lily-flower:  
The Eternal Father from trans-azure throne  
Exerts that power.

In Hand divine  
He holds that blossom, views its calix fair  
All graciously, for His Son's holiest shrine  
He findeth there.

Upon His Breast  
That lily as a radiant gem doth rest;  
Keen cut by Calvary's redemptive woe,  
Its facets glow.

From throne divine  
God's universal garment now doth shine  
With pearly tears and ruby jewels bright:  
One sheen of light!

Resplendant most  
When mid the Spirit's organ-throbbing breath  
The Father elevates the Sacred Host  
That vanquished death.

In rapture blessed,  
The Seraphim and angels veil their face;  
And now the spotless lily-flower doth rest  
In Christ's embrace.

DOM ANSGAR POELLMAN, O. S. B.  
Beuron Archabbey

## Thy Gift at the Altar

*Thou shalt not appear empty in the sight of the Lord.—Eccli. 35:6*

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

IT was Monday morning. Father Gilbert had just come from Mass. "Well, if it isn't Ed Allen!" he exclaimed. "What does that sober face of yours spell?"

"Father, did I or didn't I hear Mass yesterday?" the young man broke forth abruptly as though he had been awakened out of a dream.

"Huh!" grunted the priest, "You can't prove by me what you did yesterday."

"Oh, pardon me, Father," was the caller's apology, "I forgot to tell you that we motored to Parkview yesterday and because of tire trouble we set our foot on the threshold of the church only as the priest sang 'Dominus vobiscum' shortly before the server rang the offertory bell. I was worried all day and the same worry drove me here this morning."

"At least you take the matter seriously," said the priest approvingly. "The portion from the beginning of the Mass to the offertory, that is, to the moment which immediately follows the uncovering of the chalice, constitutes a minor section of the Mass. If you were to omit this part you would not be bound to supply it under the pain of incurring a grave guilt. This portion is the preparatory part of the Mass. Now, the Sacrifice proper is to begin in the completion of which three things concur: the offertory, the consecration, and the communion. You entered the Church just at the beginning of the Mass of the faithful. Hence my answer. However, understand that unless a lawful reason excuses, you are obliged to hear a whole Mass from the beginning to the end. If I may ask, was it a High Mass or a Low Mass that you attended? Did the choir sing the offertory chant as we do here?"

"Father, you are now firing with a double-barreled gun at me," Allen replied with more cheer. "My answer is in the affirmation to both questions. I recall how the male voices well-nigh bellowed the 'et cum spiritu tuo,' and how the priest's mellow *Oremus* followed like a gentle balm. The offertory chant was quite respectable."

"I see that it is good for you to be a choir member," the pastor complimented, "it makes you attentive, at least in strange churches."

"Beg your pardon, Father," the man retorted by way of self-vindication, "at home too. Isn't that *Dominus vobiscum* repeated ever so often during Mass?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact it is recited or chanted eight times during every Mass, not counting the deacon's use of it before the solemn singing of the Gospel, that is, when the Mass is assisted by deacon and subdeacon. You see, the priest having kissed the altar, faces the congregation and then utters the greeting. Priest and people thus express the wish that God may assist them to offer a worthy sacrifice."

"Father, what about the *oremus* which the priest says before the offertory without adding a prayer?"

"How did you find that out?"

"Well, it struck me yesterday when I read my missal," replied Allen as he endeavored to find the place.

Father Gilbert took the book from the young man and began to explain: "In the first place, the celebrant says *oremus*, as you see here, because at this solemn moment both priest and people should redouble their piety and fervor and recollect themselves. From this moment the priest will pray aloud no more until he begins the preface. Then, as to the absence of an oration or prayer proper, there does seem to be a gap. It is probable that in early times prayers were said at this point for the various needs of the Church as is still done on Good Friday and as is the case in the daily Masses of the Eastern churches. On Good Friday the celebrant makes intercession for the ordinary needs of the Church, for peace, for the Pope, for the Bishop, and for the whole hierarchy down to confessors, virgins, and widows; for the catechumens; the sick, the poor, the prisoners, the travellers, and the sailors; for the heretics, the schismatics, the Jews, and the pagans."

Watching Father Gilbert's countenance, Allen remarked somewhat timidly: "The Mass is long enough the way it is. We can be glad that these prayers have not been retained."

"What!" frowned the priest. "The Mass, it is true, may at present be of sufficient length, but the spirit that prompts you is the very one that is most at variance with the spirit that underlies this part of the Mass."

"I don't quite get the drift of your statement, Father," Allen said with a rise in his voice. Then, closing his book, he evidently expected a lengthy explanation.

"Oh no!" objected Father Gilbert, "open



that missal once more and read what follows the *oremus*."

"Why, Father, you yourself admitted just a moment ago that there was a gap after the *oremus*," Allen remarked with an air of self-justification.

"My answer is, 'Yes and no,'" the priest retorted. There is a gap in so far as no prayer of petition follows the *oremus*, but there is no gap in so far as the psalm verse that is recited or chanted may be called a prayer."

"There is no psalm verse given here, Father," the young man insisted.

"No, there is none in the so-called ordinary of the Mass where you find the *oremus* but there is a reference there to the changeable part of the Mass. Hence, turn to the fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost to see what is given there beneath the title 'offertory.'"

"This is becoming a bit more interesting," commented the caller as he gave the leaves a rapid turn. "Here I have it: 'With expectation I have waited for the Lord and He had regard to me; and He heard my prayer and He put a new canticle into my mouth, a song to our God.' Father, though this prayer is called 'offertory,' yet I see no hint as to any offering in these words."

"Very true," conceded Father Gilbert, "and still the relation between this so-called 'offertory antiphon' and the offertory itself is closer than one might suspect at first thought. As to its contents, his antiphon echoes the spirit of the feast; it is in keeping with the whole office and Mass of the day. Thus the 'offertory,' which you just read, expresses great hope. Now isn't that the idea conveyed by the Gospel of this Sunday wherein the raising to life of the son of the widow of Naim is chronicled?"

"Father, you are drifting."

"Never mind, I shall get to my point. The purpose of this 'offertory' was originally to break the long silence that up to the fourth century had been observed whilst the faithful brought their offerings to the altar. A whole psalm was chanted and after each verse a responsory or refrain, called antiphon, was repeated. This continued until the bishop or priest gave the sign to stop. When the ancient practice of offering gifts by the faithful ceased, this psalm was reduced to a single antiphon as we have it to-day. As to the melody, the 'offertory' even now is one of the richest pieces of Gregorian chant, more so than the 'introit' or 'gradual.'"

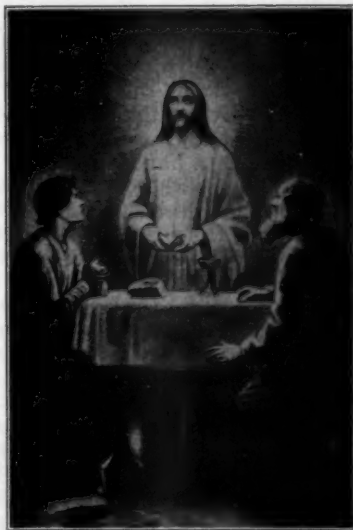
"I am eager to know what kind of a scene this offering on the part of the faithful presented," Allen responded with signs of even keener interest than he had shown before.

"Every one who received Holy Communion—and we know that in the early Church all

attendants at Mass were wont to receive—presented his gift. After the *oremus* a procession was formed. First the men, then the women made their offerings of bread and wine on white cloths; after them came the clergy: priests, bishops, and the Pope himself; the offerings of the clergy were only of bread. From the bread were selected some loaves which were soon to be consecrated and a portion of the wine offered was poured into the celebrant's chalice. The bread to be consecrated was usually taken from the offering of the clergy, whilst the wine was the gift of the people. The bread not used at the consecration was also blessed and distributed to the people after Communion. This bread was known as 'blessed bread' or 'Eulogy' (from a Greek word meaning *benediction*). These 'eulogies' were often sent from one to another as signs of union and friendship."

"So they had no collection basket in the early times as we have to-day?"

"They needed none. Their contributions were made nevertheless. In connection with the bread and wine the faithful also made offerings of the field, of oil, of wax, of incense, and, later on, also of money for the support of the clergy and the maintenance of divine service. These contributions were divided into four parts: one for the bishop, a second for the clergy, a third for the poor, and a fourth for the upkeep of



CHRIST OFFERS BREAD AND WINE

divine worship. When, however, the original fervor declined, when Holy Communion gradually fell into desuetude, and when by special foundations church buildings and the clergy were provided for, the offerings ceased, except at Requiem Masses where the custom was retained for a time."

"The faithful of those early days must have found in this practice quite a burden," remarked Allen.

"I say not," Father Gilbert fired back. "It was a privilege to make an offering, a privilege not accorded to notorious sinners or to the excommunicated; no, not even to public penitents. This offering united the faithful more intimately with the Holy Sacrifice; it made them feel that they were co-offerers with the priest and, no doubt, they therefore shared more fully in the fruits of the Sacrifice. Theologians tell us that the more real the part we take in the offering of the Sacrifice, the more largely we partake of its benefits. St. Gregory relates that one time while saying Mass, being on the point of giving Communion to a woman, she laughed because she recognized the bread that she herself had offered."

"But, Father," urged the questioner, as he made a gesture to go, "what about our collection, to which I referred a while ago? Wouldn't that serve as an offering? Or have we nothing at all in our day that would answer to the offerings of old?"

"Oh, yes, there are still traces of those offerings: at the consecration of a bishop, and at the benediction of an abbot, two loaves of bread and two small casks of wine are presented at the altar; at the Mass of ordination the levites to be ordained make an offering each of a lighted candle; at the Sunday Mass the collection basket invites the faithful to a contribution. This Sunday collection should not only be regarded as a handy means of gathering funds but also, perhaps rather, as an occasion to enable the Mass attendants to take a fuller part in the Holy Sacrifice. Hence, the practice of some priests to have the collection taken up also on week days is not so far-fetched; then when the faithful desire a Mass to be offered up according to their own special intention, they give a stipend to the priest. The word *stipend* is derived from the Latin term *stipendium*, which was a Roman military expression signifying not so much the pay of the soldier, but also his allowance for food and whatever else he required for his sustenance. Hence, it is evident how utterly misplaced are such questions as: 'What do you charge for a Mass? What will this Mass cost me? What do I owe you for this Mass?' I see you snicker. But such questions are not so rare as you may think. Another way in which a Mass offering

is sometimes made, especially in times of persecution, is by paying a fine for having Mass said in one's house, or for attending Mass. Such examples we find frequently in English history in Reformation and post-Reformation days. More recent are similar cases that occurred in Mexico since 1926. Secret Masses were always going on during the period of the ban. But the members of the police force were liable to swoop down upon the attendants at any moment. These unfortunates were then hauled before the high officials and fined from 100 to 2000 pesos (a peso is about 50 cents). Fines amounting to \$500 were not infrequent."

"Father, do you think that we shall ever come back to the old custom?"

"I am no prophet, but the thing that the present liturgical movement is striving hard after is to re-establish a closer bond between the priest at the altar and the people in the nave of the church. Right here at the offertory much can be done in this respect. In recent years the Sisters of the Most Precious Blood, at O'Fallon, Missouri, have taken up the ancient practice. At the moment of the offertory the priest, holding in his hand a large paten—a golden dish on which more than 200 hosts may easily lie—turns to the people. The acolytes and the nuns, having on their right hand a linen cloth and on this cloth a host, form in solemn procession. They come to the altar and the priest takes from the hand of each the bread which, after the consecration, he will give back to them transformed into the body of Christ."

"Gee! Father, that's something new," Allen burst forth. "Did they march into the sanctuary also in olden times?"

"Generally not. Excepting the clergy, only the emperor, as a rule, had this privilege to enter the sanctuary. Theodosius the Great on one occasion wished to remain in the sanctuary after he had made his offering. St. Ambrose directed him back to the nave by telling him that the royal purple indeed distinguished the emperor from the others but did not make him a priest. However, we read that in certain localities the faithful marched around the altar when they presented their offerings."

"Father, it is my ambition to attend such a Mass some day. But I have been on the point of going for the last ten minutes and I am here still. However, before I leave, I want to order a Mass for my special intention. Accept this offering."

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Behold how stately buildings and magnificent furnishings, so often signs of worldly ambition or vanity, manifest piety and become pleasing to God when consecrated to His service.

## Monte Cassino Since the Eleventh Century

PETER BEHRMAN, O. S. B.

The present paper will serve as a conclusion to the article which appeared in the July number of THE GRAIL, "Monte Cassino Down Through the Centuries," tracing the history of the renowned Archabbey from its inception in the sixth century.—EDITOR.

**A**MONG the many epithets by which Monte Cassino has been called in ancient and modern times, there is probably none that will strike the fancy of the learned world more than that of "Athens of Italy." It was especially at the time of Abbot Desiderius (1059-1087) that Monte Cassino deserved this title.

Italian writers of later times vie with one another in praising this home of learning. Gioberti calls it "a beacon light in the midst of darkness," and, "the haunt of the Muses."

Giannone, speaking of the eleventh century, says: "The Cassinese monks not only excelled in those branches in which their calling naturally interested them, but they did excellent work also in the field of profane literature and learning; the little that was at that time known among us was harbored by them."

The subjects most frequently dealt with were theology, history, and medicine. But mathematics, astronomy, and music were also treated in a masterly manner. Abbot Desiderius greatly enlarged and developed the school of copyists so that it was renowned both for the exquisite and artistic workmanship and for the number of books it produced. In fact, every worthwhile work was copied and stored in the library.

Among the long list of authors, whose works were copied, we find the names of Gregory of Tours, Josephus Flavius, Tacitus, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and even the Greek Homer. The most important of them all, in so far as it had such tremendous influence upon the succeeding centuries, are the volumes of the Justinian Code which formed the groundwork for the ris-

ing law schools. These, as Giannone states, were to be seen only at Monte Cassino.

Here, too, it seems in place to give Monte Cassino credit for its share in the rise of the universities. For some maintain that the first university originated at Salerno, directly under Cassinese influence, others, that it arose at the law school of Bologna, to which Monte Cassino offered a most important contribution in the Justinian Code that was so extensively studied.

Leo of Ostia was the greatest and the last of the scholars of this period. With him the generation of learned and pious men that had held aloft the torch of learning passed away. Material splendor and the luster of great men had attracted to Monte Cassino the younger sons of the nobility who sought there rather an

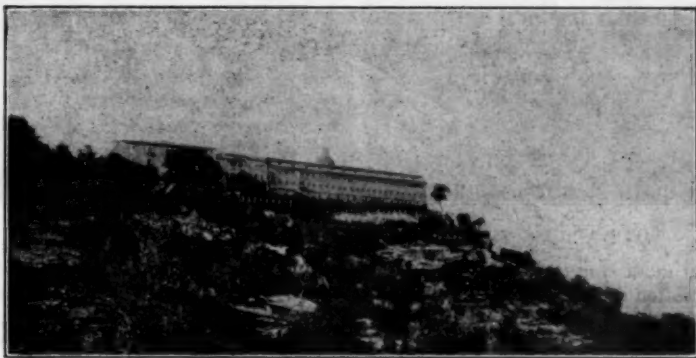
easy and honorable livelihood than a life of prayer and study. We also find the succeeding abbots giving way more to a worldly and warlike spirit engendered by their position as secular princes and their relations with the kings of Sicily and with the Em-

perors.

The year 1239 brought the expulsion of the monks by Frederic II, who was more interested in harems than in monasteries. He repopled the monastery with his Saracen soldiers, who revelled in its hallowed precincts until the arrival of Charles of Anjou in 1266.

Again a Pope took it upon himself to restore Monte Cassino. This was Urban IV, who in 1263 designated Bernard Ayglerius, Abbot of Lerin—a pious and prudent man—to restore and reform Monte Cassino. He was successful in so far as he won back for the venerable archabbey its rights and privileges. At the request of his saintly friend, Thomas Aquinas, a former student of the monks at Monte Cassino, he also established a monastery for the Dominicans in San Germano.

Another change came upon the archabbey in



THE ARCHABBEY OF MONTE CASSINO





VIEW ACROSS THE TRIPLE COURT TOWARDS THE COLLEGE

Within the court in the foreground one can see the base (a fragment) of a large pillar of porphyry that measures some ten foot in circumference. This is thought to be a relic of the ancient temple of Apollo, which was standing on the mountain when St. Benedict arrived in 529.—The Central Court is surrounded on three sides by an arcade that supports a terrace which, because of the wonderful view to be had therefrom, is familiarly known as the "Loggia del Paradiso."—Looking through the first arch to the right, one can see a flight of steps that lead above to the Court of the Statues.

1294 when the saintly and well-meaning, though at times less prudent, Celestine V placed the Celestinians—monks of an Order of his own foundation, on the "Holy Mount." Boniface VIII, however, in the same year restored the Benedictines. Another change, still more abortive, was wrought by Pope John XXII, who, by the Bull "Supernus Opifex" of May 2, 1321, raised the abbey church to the rank of Cathedral, made the Abbot Bishop, and raised the monks to Cathedral Canons. The change, though well meant, was not for the better, mainly for the reason that the foreign and secular bishops, appointed at Avignon, cared for the revenue indeed, but not for the material and spiritual prosperity of the abbey. The vassals of the monastery also rebelled about this time; the Hungarians came to pillage and plunder, and the disaster was made com-

plete when in 1349 an earthquake reduced Monte Cassino to a heap of ruins.

The blow was a crushing one. For ten years the few remaining monks dwelt in miserable hovels, guarding the ruins. Once more a Pope, Urban V, who was himself a Benedictine, came to the rescue. He named himself abbot, and revoked the decree that had clothed the abbots with the episcopal dignity, in order that they might devote themselves entirely to the governing of their community. Then he taxed all the Benedictine monasteries in order to rebuild their common mother house. When the monastery was ready for occupation, he repeople it with monks from two exemplary monasteries and in 1370 appointed as abbot Andreas de Faenza, a Camaldulense monk. Partly during the short abbacy of this worthy man, and more so during that of his successor, Pietro de Tar-



tario (1374-1395), the reorganization made great headway, but after his death it was again retarded by the Neapolitan wars.

Great disaster came upon the Benedictine abbeys during the second half of the fifteenth century with the spread of the "Commendam." Under the pretext of righting abuses, many abbeys were given over to laymen that they might administer the temporalities thereof. This pernicious system was advocated by the lawyers of the time in the interest of the princes, who, in nearly all cases, used it to rob the monasteries only to enrich themselves. From 1454 to 1504 Monte Cassino groaned under the rule of commendatory abbots, who ruthlessly robbed it to the great detriment of its temporal and spiritual well-being.

Julius II, whose name has gone down into history as "Liberator of the Church," proved himself a true liberator when he rid Monte Cassino of this pernicious abuse. In 1504 he decreed that the monastery join the Congregation of St. Justina which, in deference to the

mother abbey, changed its name to that of Monte Cassino. A true monastic spirit soon revived and the monastery again prospered materially and spiritually. During the sixteenth century its abbot still held spiritual jurisdiction over four dioceses with 1662 churches. Besides this, he was secular lord over two principalities with twenty counties and 440 villages.

The extensive revenue of the monastery, accruing from its vast possessions, which for half a century had flowed into the private coffers of the commendatory abbots was now applied by the worthy Abbot Squarcialupi to a much needed restoration and renovation of buildings. In 1515 an extensive building program was launched, the execution of which extended over many years.

In their present finished state these buildings form a massive rectangular structure. Three courts, entering one into the other, lead to the entrance of the Basilica. The central court—called the Court of Bramante because, as tradition says, it was made after the famous archi-



COURT AND CLOISTER OF THE STATUES

This extensive court with its cloisters, which opens out immediately before the great basilica, was completed in 1572. Within the cloisters are niches containing statues of eighteen of the principal benefactors of the venerable Archabbey.

tect's designs,—is flanked on one side by the monastery, on the other by the school, and lined on either side by lofty arcades. From this court a majestic flight of steps, "The Scala Regia," leads into the atrium or forecourt of the Basilica, decorated in renaissance style according to the designs of Fasanges. It is done so profusely in Florentine marble that it is not unjustly called "un del peccato" (a happy fault.) Because the statues of many of the benefactors of the monasteries have found a place in its niches, it is called the "Benefactors' Court."

Two magnificent bronze doors of Grecian workmanship, dating from the time of Desiderius in the eleventh century, unfold to the surprised visitor a scene of astonishing magnificence. The best that the Florentines could produce in mosaic work is to be seen here set off by a profusion of marble that is surpassed, as Hudleston, says only by the Certosa at Pavia. In plan the church is cruciform with a dome over the transept. Behind the high altar under the dome stand the choir stalls—a fine specimen of elaborate and artistic wood carving.

From the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth the monks enjoyed a long period of comparative tranquility. There are no great disasters to record, nor are there any very outstanding achievements to be mentioned, but the proverbial monastic prayer and work ran its daily course and the results, though hidden from the eye of man, are no doubt duly recorded in the "Book of Life." The last year of the eighteenth century, however, was to be signalized by a storm from the North. The French Revolution which spelled destruction to many a monastery, was not to leave Monte Cassino unscathed. The French soldiers robbed the monastery of many of its art treasures and used some of the most valuable documents of the archives to start their fires. Whether the priceless treasure, the last page of the original of the Rule of Saint Benedict, with the last chapter, fared the same fate is not certain. This much is certain, that it has not been found since.

After the departure of the French, the monks dwelt in peace until 1860 when they were again robbed by the Neapolitans. Six years later followed a general suppression of the monasteries by the Piedmontese from which Monte Cassino was not exempted. It was not, however, entirely suppressed but created a national museum of which the Abbot and the monks were designated custodians.

Though their monastery has during the past four hundred centuries been seven times destroyed, and their work has as many times come to naught, the zeal of the Cassinese monks for

art and learning has not abated to the present day. Proof of their industry are the two large library buildings filled with 55,000 tomes. Eight hundred manuscripts, dated earlier than the 14th century, and 500 works of the first century of printing, a complete school of illumination together with nine palimpsests comprise some of the most valued treasures of this library. The archives, too, with more than a thousand documents—bearing the signatures of popes, emperors, kings, and princes form a veritable treasure.

At the time it became a national monument, the monastery was on the verge of losing its priceless manuscripts, but, thanks to the intervention of Mr. Gladstone, the eminent English statesman, the orders that these be transported to Naples were rescinded. Instead, one of the monks was appointed archivist and was paid an annual salary by the government.

In the meantime, the monks, though hampered somewhat in their activity by government control, have not been idle hoarders of their treasures. One of their number, the late P. Luigi Tosti, has for his excellent research work been acclaimed the greatest historian of his day in Italy. To render their treasures accessible to the scholar world the monks have issued a catalog in which all the codices and documents that are preserved in the library are accurately listed. An excellent collection of modern texts and an "apparatus criticus" for reading the ancient texts are always freely offered to the scholars who come to consult their manuscripts.

(Continued on page 211)

### *Our Mother of Light*

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

She stands serene above the world of men,  
A gentle vision garbed in a white gown.  
Not hers the jewels fashioned by man's hands,  
But one bright halo forms her glorious crown.

This halo symbolizes how she came  
Into the world to bear our greatest gift.  
The hope eternal reaching down to men,  
The beacon light to which all faces lift.

From her white hands her bounty comes to us  
Like dewdrops falling on the sun-parched wheat.  
We are but children calling out to her,  
But tired children gathering at her feet.

And when the shadows fall in thick black veils,  
We still can see her white robe in the night.  
We still can see the smile upon her lips,  
And in her eyes the spark of God's own light.

## Alan's Daughter

*A Story of Saxon Days, Saxon People, Saxon Saints in England during the Seventh Century*

MARY AGATHA GRAY

### CHAPTER I—THE BRIDE

THE great hall in the King's palace at Wenlock had been swept and garnished. Fresh rushes and sweet-scented herbs had been freely scattered upon the earthen floor, and a great banquet was laid out upon the immense table that ran down its entire length, except where the raised platform at the far end accommodated another, finer, but smaller table placed at right angles to the first. In the center of this last table, directly facing the entrance, were set two chairs draped with tapestry, and furnished with stools for the feet. The seats at the other table were simple stools or rough benches. The hall was empty, for the thanes and earls, and serving men, with the minstrels, had gone out to meet and welcome King Merwald, and his bride, the beautiful and pious Ermenburga, daughter of Ermenred of Kent.

The June sun shone brightly over the surrounding wooded hills, and flashed from the surface of the river that flowed down to the sea between them. A few bees hummed drowsily, as they flew from flower to flower of the honeysuckle that enwreathed the oaks and pines, and clustered about the walls of the palace. In the midst of a cleared space before the gates, stood a solitary oak that served the purposes of a clock, or sundial, to the inhabitants of Wenlock, and just now the shadow was growing short for it was getting toward noon.

The steward, who was a trusted servant of Penda, King of Mercia, and Merwald's father, had marshalled the household just in front of the gates. He was rather an imposing personage, clad in a short tunic that scarcely reached to his knees, and fitted tightly to the upper part of his body. Over this was thrown an ample, but short cloak confined at the throat by a large brooch of goldsmith's work. He wore, also, a helmet of polished steel, terminating in a sort of crest, and his legs from the knee down, were bound about with thongs of leather. His shoes were of the same material, with slightly thicker soles. The heavy gold chain that he wore upon his shoulders denoted his office, and served to distinguish him as the principal official of the King's household.

"It is nigh upon noon, Hereward, and time we heard the King's horn winding through the vale. You said noon, did you not?" he asked, turning to a group of military retainers.

Hereward looked up sharply and straightened his figure. "Aye, I said noon, Ceolfred, but it is scarcely that yet! The shadow of the oak yet wants half an hour of its shortest."

"Half an hour! Waiting is sorry work, and for what do we wait? Not for good blows and a merry fight, but for the idle pastime of an idle hour. What is the bride like, Hereward? Young and fair? or more elderly and staid? Is she lightsome and joyful, or of a stern and pious seeming? My mind misgives me. I fear that this taking of a wife may weaken the King."

Hereward laughed. "You shall know all full soon, Ceolfred. But, just to ease your forebodings, the Lady Ermenburga is tall and fair, stately as befits the wife of King Merwald, yet of a gracious presence. She is pious too, but cheerful withal, and hath tender hands for the succor of wounded men. Merwald hath won for himself a treasure of a wife in the Kingdom of Kent."

"You speak lustily, Hereward, belike you also have warm memories of some Kentish lady?" There was the faintest suspicion of a sneer in the steward's voice.

Hereward looked at him slowly, "Had any other man said as little, and implied as much," he said. Then he checked the impulse, and smiled, "You are but a pagan, and intended no harm, Ceolfred," he added.

"Tush! hold your peace, man! Ha! me-thought that was the sound of a horn. Hist!" The murmur of voices was hushed while the steward stood with his hand behind his ear, but the woodlands were silent, and all lay peaceful enough under the cloudless sky.

Hereward threw himself down upon the green grass at the foot of the great oak, and called to the King's cupbearer to join him. "Come, Swithin, and wait with me in the shade, 'tis better here than standing in the sun, when there is nought to do."

"Aye, it's as well as standing, Ceolfred," replied the youth as he followed the soldier's example, plucking idly at the blossoms of the wild strawberries that clustered thickly in the grass. "I would that they would come for I want to hear the news. And how sped Merwald in his wooing?"

"Smartly, as becomes a warrior, and surely, as becomes a son of Penda."

"Aye, he has not been away long, the snows



had gone when he set forth, and we are at the flower time of summer. Well, time will tell all, 'tis the teller of all news in the end, and it is idle to waste our breath in chaffering."

The winding of a horn close at hand brought them to their feet suddenly, and they fell in again, each man at his station beside the gate. Ceolfred waved his hand and they divided into two lines, one on each side of the main entrance, thus forming a lane down which the approaching party would pass on its way to the courtyard of the palace. The steward placed himself at the head, with Hereward, the armor-bearer, and Swithin the cupbearer, on his right and left respectively. The rest of the thanes grouped themselves behind them while the coerls, or freedmen, under the leadership of Athelestane, the headman of the town, filled the less honorable places. Ostritha, the wife of Swithin, with her little daughter Elgifa, stood near the gate to welcome the new Queen, and with her were the women servants of the palace. Alan, the King's Jester had already gone with the minstrels to welcome the royal party and accompany them on the last stage of their journey.

Hereward was the first to see the approach of the King and his train. He shouted lustily and waved aloft the shield that he carried on his arm. His call brought the waiting lines into more exact form, and perfect attention gave place to loyal and enthusiastic shouts, as the travellers rode into the open from the green shade of the woodland path down which they had come.

A goodly array of warriors escorted the youthful bride, men to whom blows were the chances of their daily lives, who lived hard, fought hard, and died hard, and yet the retainers at the palace gates had no eyes for them; even their King, Merwald, the greatest warrior of them all, was only of second-rate importance that day, for all interest was centered in the bride, the daughter of King Ermenred, and their new Queen.

She rode easily and well beside her lord, her head slightly inclined to listen to his words of welcome to her new home. Hereward's shout, and the cries of the people interrupted their discourse; she sat upright, and looked forward to the palace with some curiosity. Ostritha noted her queenlike bearing, and the richness of her attire that was in perfect harmony with its purpose. The undergarment that fell to her feet was of purple linen. Over it she wore a loose robe of embroidered stuff in which many colors were cunningly blended. A veil was thrown over her golden tresses, which were unbraided and confined only by the narrow circlet of gold that held her veil in place, and served to mark her rank. The King's eyes

rested upon her proudly as he rode beside her, and with justice, for her beauty and bearing were rare, her deep blue eyes looked out upon her new world fearlessly, and during the long journey she had come to know her husband as a kindred spirit, one to whom the stern duties of his kingly state were but stepping stones to a better life to come. In those days of intimate association the King had won the entire affection of his wife, nay, more, he had gained with it her esteem and respect. She could look forward to her life at his side with confidence and hope, while the King would never forget the days of that journey during which he had come close to a saintly soul.

Only one of the young queen's relatives accompanied her, Egbert, the son of her uncle Ercombert. Doubtless, her cousin wished to do her honor in thus bearing her company, but he came also in search of adventure, for the Kingdom of Kent was at peace with all its neighbors, and Egbert loved a fight. Although still a mere stripling, the young prince had already given proof of courage and ability in the wars with Mercia, but on this day he passed almost unnoticed, for the good folks of Wenlock had no eyes except for their new Queen. Merwald dismounted at the gate while Hereward held his stirrup. Then the King lifted his wife from her saddle, and bore her over the threshold of the palace while the thanes clashed shields, and the minstrels played merry music. Under the archway and up the long hall, King Merwald led Ermenburga, and the little Elgrifa ran before them flinging sprays of wild honey-suckle and roses under the feet of the bride. Arrived at the raised platform, King Merwald handed his Queen to the tapestry-covered chair on his right, and seated himself beside her.

Then the banquet began in earnest. King Merwald's subjects were no sticklers for etiquette, their rough manners made the Queen shrink, for her father's court had been gentler in its ways, but she permitted herself to give no sign of distress, and forced herself to smile at the thanes and ladies of her husband's household. No time was wasted in beginning. Roasted meats, and great pails of ale and mead were passed around by the servants and the drinking horns were not idle for a moment, while the minstrels kept up a continual noise of song and music in praise of the bride, and the King's jester filled in every interval when the entertainment might have lagged, with such jests as served to make easily-pleased men laugh.

Ermenburga had begun to weary of it all. A great desire for a few moments of peace came to her, but just then King Merwald handed her his purse. "I would that you would bestow a piece of gold on him who hath best pleased you," he said.



The young Queen blushed and called to her an old man, he was the oldest of the minstrels and came to her limping, for he was stiff with long sitting at his harp. Ermenburga smiled and leaned toward him.

"Nay, do not kneel," she said graciously, "this is for your music, friend, it pleased me best of all because you bade us not forget duty in the greatness of our estate. Friend, you sang truly—not as some do who flatter princes. I thank you for your honesty."

The old man bent over the white hand she extended to him: "Many shall love you, Lady," he said, "because you esteem duty more than honors. Your children shall rise up and bless you in the days of their strength."

Meanwhile the King had called Swithbert, and bidden him fill the wassail bowl with mead, and bring it to the Queen. She stood then, bowing to the assembled guests, and the cup-bearer brought it to her. It was so large and cumbersome that he had to hold it to her lips that she might sip its sweet contents. With a smile she waved her hand to the chief guest, who happened to be her cousin, Egbert, and he also drank, and then it was passed to the King, and then from thane to thane in order of precedence, and they stood and clashed shields again and shouted lustily, until King Merwald, giving his hand to his wife, led her away.

Thus ended the wedding feast of Merwald the King and Ermenburga the Queen of Hwicca, and afterward the thanes and people rose up and went out again into the June sunshine where the young men wrestled, and ran, and shot with arrows for the diversion of Egbert, the Queen's cousin, until the hours of sunset. And when the long twilight fell, the King and Queen and their household slept, for the kingdom of Hwicca was at peace.

(To be continued)

### *Monte Cassino Since the XI Century*

(Continued from page 208)

The monks also conduct at the Abbey a seminary as well as a school for the education of the laity.

Extensive renovations and improvements have also been effected at Monte Cassino in our own day, though not through the initiative, or at the expense, of the Italian Government. The crypt of the church with the tombs of the holy Founder and of his twin sister St. Scholastica was gradually falling to ruin. In 1900 Abbot Boniface Krug, at one time a member of St. Vincent Archabbey in Pennsylvania, took active steps to renovate the sacred shrine. With the co-operation received from the Benedictine monasteries the world over, the Benedictines

of Beuron were enabled to restore the crypt and adorn it in their truly elevating style. At the completion of this work the crypt was solemnly consecrated by His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri as representative of the Holy Father. The celebrations connected with the consecration began on May 4, 1913. As all the Benedictine abbots of the whole world had been summoned to convene in general chapter at Rome immediately after this solemn consecration at Monte Cassino, many of the sons of St. Benedict, who were scattered over the globe, were privileged to gather on the holy mount, whither their beloved Father with a few followers had betaken himself nearly fourteen centuries previously. There he had established his order, thence he had sent his disciples to distant lands, and there, finally, supported on the arms of his brethren he had given up his soul into the hands of his Maker.

The present Abbot of Monte Cassino, Gregory Diamare, elected in 1909, is not only Abbot Nullius, with jurisdiction over one of the largest dioceses of Italy, but as Titular Bishop of Constantza also has episcopal consecration. Once more, as in the days of John XXII, the monks form the Cathedral Chapter, and the Abbey Church ranks as the diocesan Cathedral.

On February 10th, 1929, Abbot Diamare received the felicitations, which Pope Pius XI, who is also protector of the Order of St. Benedict, so graciously extended to Monte Cassino and to the whole Benedictine Order on the attainment of its fourteenth centenary. The Holy Father manifested his personal interest in the fourteenth centenary celebration not only by the very kind words of his Encyclical Letter, but also by sending to the opening ceremonies of the celebration as his special envoy, his distinguished Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri.

Let us hope that this "eldest and most privileged daughter of the Church," which is now entering upon the fifteenth century of its existence in the very year that Holy Mother Church begins her twentieth century, may until the end of time prove grateful for the benefits bestowed on it at all times by the Vicars of Christ on earth.

### *Edelweiss*

P. K.

Good thoughts detach our soul from earth;  
Transplant it on the mountain height,  
Where God's pure Being seems so near,  
In sunlit sky, rare atmosphere,  
In glinting field of prismatic ice;  
Recall its birth, god-Given worth,  
And keep it ever noble, white,—  
God's Edelweiss.

## Blessed Don John Bosco

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

### CHAPTER VI—MARY HELP OF CHRISTIANS

ONE of the most marvelous things among the many marvels in the life of that marvelous wonder worker, Blessed John Bosco, was the gift he exercised during his life time of working miracles.

We all know that holy men and women, no matter what degree of sanctity they have attained, can not be raised by the Church to the dignity and the honor of canonized saints until it has been proved without a shadow of doubt that they have performed certain miracles. Generally speaking, most of the miracles have been performed after death, though of course many of the saints have done wonders during life, yet I venture to say that few, if any, did such astounding miracles as the humble priest of Turin.

He placed his confidence in our loved mother Mary, Help of Christians, and through her intercession and with her aid he caused the lame to walk, the paralyzed to stand erect. He multiplied the buns and the nuts for his boys, he actually multiplied the Sacred Host on one occasion when a greater number wished to communicate than had been expected.

He just said to the afflicted one: "Throw away your crutches," and immediately the lame stepped gaily out absolutely cured. He ordered the sick to rise from their beds of pain, the palsied to raise their arms, to use their hands, the dumb to speak.

The following is an example among many. I relate it because besides being a wonderful cure of physical ailments, it was the cause of a warrior deciding to become a priest. "The Count Cays of Gilette and Caselle, one of the highest of the old nobility of Piedmont, being left a widower, desired, after the marriage of his

only son, to devote the rest of his life in some special manner to the service of God. He consulted Don Bosco on the subject, and was by him advised to become a Salesian priest. From motives of humility he hesitated to follow this advice, and took time for consideration.

Going one morning, as was his wont, to see Don Bosco, he found the anteroom already full of people, waiting their turn, and took his place near the door. (This was on May 23rd, 1877, the day before the feast of Mary Help of Chris-

tians.) He at once noticed near him a peasant woman and her daughter, a girl of ten or eleven years. The child appeared to be in great suffering; she was unable to stand or sit without being supported, and fell helplessly to the right or left as she was moved. After waiting some time, the mother, with a deep sigh, rose to go, holding the girl up under the shoulders, while her limbs fell powerlessly under her. Being asked why she was going without having seen Don Bosco, she said, "The child suffers too much to stay longer; besides, I am wanted at home. I only wanted to ask Our Lady's blessing for my poor girl." Then she told how her daughter, who was subject to frightful convulsions had, after one of them,

remained paralyzed, and for a month speechless, being no longer able to articulate a word.

All present, touched with compassion, offered to let this poor child pass before them. It was plain that nothing short of a miracle could cure her. With this conviction, a sudden thought occurred to Count Cays. Lifting up his heart to God, he prayed that this child's cure might be to him a sign to enter the priesthood, resolving, should this not be granted, to give up all thoughts of it.

A few moments afterwards the mother and daughter went into Don Bosco's room. The girl



BLESSED DON BOSCO'S MOTHER

was laid upon a couch, while the mother told her sad story. Don Bosco then bidding her to have confidence in God, and in the help of Mary, had the child held in a kneeling posture, and gave her the blessing of Our Lady Help of Christians. He then told her to make the sign of the cross. She began it with her left hand, which was not paralyzed.

"No, not with the left hand; with the right."  
 "But, Father, she has not the use of her right hand."

"No matter. Now, my child, try."

The girl raised the paralyzed arm, and made the sign of the cross.

"Well done. You made that very well indeed, but you did not say the words. Now make it again and say the words with me."

She did so, repeating, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed, "Our Blessed Lady has cured me."

The mother, hearing the dumb child speak, burst into tears of joy.

"And now," said Don Bosco, "make haste to thank Our Lady, and say the Hail Mary with all your heart."

The girl said it distinctly with great devotion, after which she walked and then ran round the room, with a firm and easy step. Her cure was complete. In her joy she opened the door into the anteroom, and said to those whose pity had let her, a speechless, helpless sufferer, pass before them: "Help me to thank Our Blessed Lady. See, she has cured me. I can use my hand, I can walk; there is nothing the matter with me any more."

No words can describe the emotion produced by the sight and the words of the cured child, nor the tearful joy and awe with which the people crowded round her, with exclamations of wonder and gratitude to God and the Blessed Virgin. Don Bosco was so impressed by what had taken place that he was trembling from head to foot. Mother and child hastened to make their thanksgiving in the church. The sign that Count Gilette had scarcely dared to ask was given. "The Holy Virgin has spoken," he said, "I will be a Salesian priest."

His resolution was strengthened when, some weeks after, meeting a young girl, who with her parents was taking an offering to the church of Our Lady Help of Christians, he recognized her to be Giu Giuseppina Longhi, the child so marvellously cured. He stopped to ask if her health continued good.

"Yes," she said, "I am perfectly well. I can walk and talk and write, and learn my lessons just as if I had never been ill."

"And see what a fresh color she has in her cheeks," said the mother; "and her appetite

is excellent. All our neighbors agree that her recovery is a miracle." The Count needed no assurance; he saw the child, and that was enough.

Giuseppina Longhi became one of the Religious Congregation of Mary Help of Christians, founded by Don Bosco. Don Charles Albert Cays de Gilette, Salesian priest, died in 1882.

John Bosco having done so much for men and boys felt it was up to him to do something for the devout female sex, so in 1872 he founded an order for nuns under the lovely title of the "Daughters of Mary Help of Christians." A title that sure would attract many girls and young women. It did. The Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians increased in numbers and gradually spread all over the world. They do for girls very much the same work the Salesians do for boys, educating and training them in many arts and crafts, but particularly and before all instilling the principles of religion and the love and practice of virtue.

"The Daughters of Our Lady Help of Christians," thus writes a reliable authority, "work with their intellect by applying themselves to serious study, so as to undertake the teaching of primary and secondary teaching schools: they cultivate the higher branches of art and learning, so as to meet the demands made by the education of young women; they work with all a woman's love in the homes for infants and for homeless girls; they manage hostels for young women employed in business, clubs, and similar works, acting a mother's part towards thousands of girls, and in almost every part of the globe."

Like many of the saints who were the founders of orders for men and women our dear Don Bosco also founded what we may call a third order for all Christians living in the

(Continued on page 219)



BIRTHPLACE OF BLESSED DON BOSCO



## Mary Waggoner's Job

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

MARY Waggoner looked at the worn furniture, scratched woodwork, faded wall paper. Across the way lived the Joseph Dunn family, whose furniture was new and overstuffed. Shiny floors and rough plaster composed Dunn's bungalow.

Mary Waggoner was not jealous. Woman-like, she loved pretty things, and she did wish their home was like Dunn's.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dunn worked. "I feel so guilty, Mary," pretty Kathleen Dunn said to her, "leaving little Joe, but we have to have the money."

Kathleen had a nice little job in the bank. Her name, in gilt letters, was above her cage. There was no call to economize in the Dunn bungalow.

Of course, little Joe ran wild—that is, he would have but for Mary Waggoner. After his half day in kindergarten she took him into her home. The cup of milk, the cooky, the bread she gave him—when her own three youngsters lunched—she did not miss.

Mary Waggoner walked through her house. It was an old house—had been her parents', and they gave it to her.

Here, in the east window of the living room, they always had the Christmas tree. The dining room, the kitchen, the library were the same the last thirty years. Above the library was the room where she and Ann, her only sister, had slept. Here they got themselves ready for their little parties and their weddings. Ann was a bride of Christ and Mary married John Waggoner, a carpenter.

Above the dining room was the room her brothers, Ed and Vincent, had slept in—the scene of many a pillow fight and tender confidences. The entire house was filled with the unwritten records of the happenings of the family.

"I will go to work," mused Mary as she came into her own room—the room that had been her mother's—"and then Mary Margaret can take dancing lessons. I will get a heavy car, new furniture."

Mary had been a saleslady before her marriage. Eagle is a small town and every one knew her. She went down to the store wherein she had worked as a girl and asked for work. She did not feel weak in the knees now as she had years ago, when, fresh from high school, she had asked for work.

"Come back," said Joe Brown. "Come any time, Mary."

\* \* \* \* \*

She was going to work to-morrow. The nasturtium seeds should be gathered. John loved flowers and his yard showed it. He should have gathered them three days ago. But Friday evening he had gone to a wake with the Holy Name men. Saturday there had been overtime work. Sunday, after Mass and Holy Communion, they—Mary, John, Mary Margaret, Jack, and Louise—had gone to the country—drove in the little car Mary meant to replace when she was drawing a salary. They had stayed late, the woods were so gloriously russet.

Now it was Monday. Eight o'clock Monday morning. A bright day. A day to gather seeds—but she had so many other things to do.

The telephone buzzed. It was Kathleen Dunn. She greeted in a worried voice: "O Mary, little Joe has earache, and I have to go to work. Will you come over and look at him?"

She crossed the street to the pretty bungalow, all new and shiny. Joe was crying piteously: "Don't go, mother. Please don't."

"I have to, Joey, little man," said Kathleen Dunn. "I have to make a payment on the furniture."

When Kathleen left, Mary bundled Joe in a blanket and carried him over to her house. She called the doctor, who lanced the ear, and soon the child slept.

Mary Waggoner sat at her kitchen window and looked over her sun-flooded garden. Furniture! What did it amount to? To be able to care for your child, when it was ill, meant far more than to possess overstuffed furniture. Kathleen, with her good position, her beautiful house, and her furniture could not take care of little Joe! That God-given privilege fell to a neighbor.

Home! This was home—always had been home. The old car John had picked up and painted she would be content with; the scuffed rugs; the old piano.

"I will gather the seeds," she said and went into the garden.

Two bushels of nasturtium seeds; a pail of cosmos and several quarts of asters.

She telephoned the seed store. They came and paid her thirty dollars for the seeds.

"This is my job," she said. "I am so glad I did not tell John I was going to work. It might have disheartened him. I have my job right here. Yes, Joey boy, I am coming. Ear better? Fine! I have a bowl of milk toast for you!"



## The Story of the California Missions

ELIZABETH S. MCNEIL

THE long journey from Velicata to San Diego was at last accomplished. Defying hunger, thirst, exposure and even death, Father Junipero Serra, with his small band of helpers, had wandered those several hundred miles over an arid desert to this the land of his dreams. The progress had been slow, but Father Junipero, journeyed on, regardless of the fact he was suffering from an ulcer on his foot; forgetting the pain and agony in his zeal for the church, and a holy passion for the conversion of the Indians.

The smoke from their camp fires, as it ascended skyward, was not unobserved, for while the men wearily threw themselves upon the ground before the open fire, dark, swarthy forms, silhouetted against the evening's sky watched it from a distance. They counceled among themselves—what strange thing could be happening in the land? Who had come into their haunts? what was their purpose? Friends or enemies?

Early the next morning before the sun had climbed the distant mountains, Father Junipero and his Franciscan friars were bowed in prayer. Arising from their knees, they heard voices, guttural sounds, indistinguishable, not far distant.

"The Indians! Thank God it is the Indians!" exclaimed Father Junipero, as one emerged from behind a thicket of cactus and sage brush, only to slink away under cover as soon as he found he was discovered. "We must make friends of these Indians. We must greet them kindly. First we must inspire their confidence. Let us not be impa-

tient. We will continue to abide here beside the seat in this pleasant valley near the mountains, until those Indians have become our friends. Here is where our work lies. Here we will establish our first mission in California."

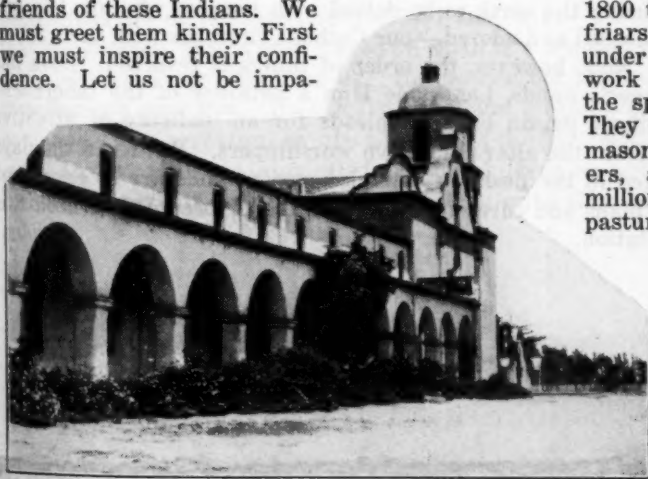
Days passed into weeks, then months, and Father Junipero's face shone with a holy light, as from day to day he watched his work increase. From a few Indians who ventured first to the camp of the friars had come many more. How simple their hearts! So hungry for the love of God—that they knew not of, until the kind Father Junipero's hands had sanctified them with the waters of baptism.

Then came the day for the founding of the mission. Such a sight had never before been seen in all the surrounding countryside as upon the morning of the dedicatory services. From far and near had gathered the Indians, old men and women, younger ones with their children, and in a spirit of adoration their eyes followed the erection of the cross and the consecration of the spot with holy water to be hereafter dedicated to the work of the church.

Father Junipero was appointed the first missionary president to Alta, California, with a staff of sixteen friars. The history of the missions began in 1769. Through the efforts of Father Junipero and his friars, magnificent buildings were in time erected at each mission station among the mesas of Southern California.

The golden age of these missions was from 1800 to 1830, Father Junipero and his friars brought tens of thousands of Indians under spiritual and temporal control. Their work was not altogether in looking after the spiritual but everything else as well. They trained the Indians to be carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, millers, and farmers. Three quarters of a million cattle grazed upon the mission pastures, as well as sixty thousand horses;

fruits, grain, and flowers grew in abundance until the country became an American Eden. Through all of this prosperity the Indians obeyed their benefactors. They attended the missions regularly, and brought up their children in the Catholic faith. It has been conceded that during those years under the Franciscan Fathers the Indians had reached the highest state they have



SAN LUIS REY MISSION

"I rejoiced at the things that were said to me:

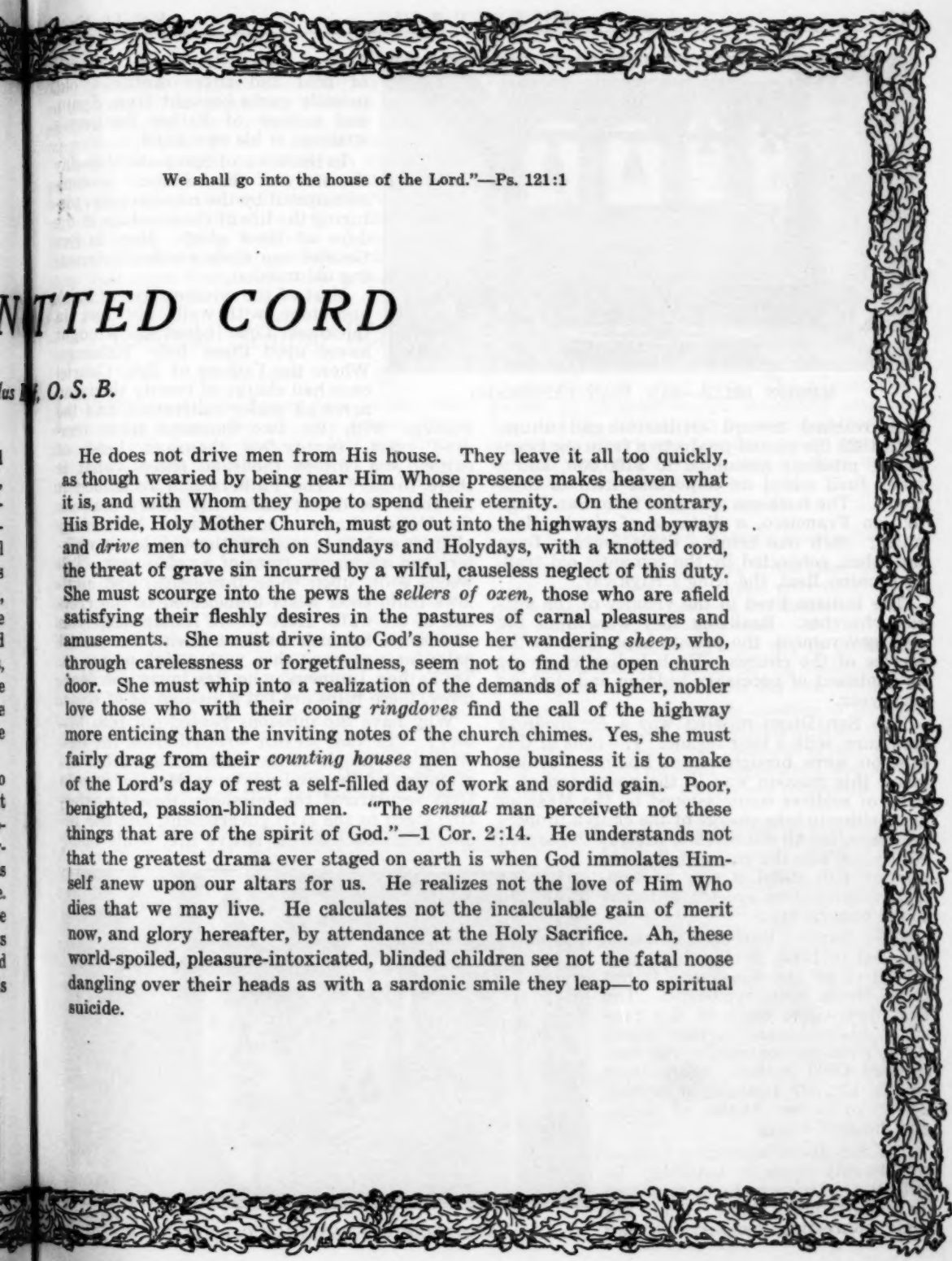
## WITH A KNITT

Placidus M. O. S.



HE Pasch was at hand. Farm, shop, and busy mart enjoyed a prolonged Sabbath rest. Arrayed in gay holiday attire, Juda's faithful sons, streaming from verdant plain and olive-clad hill, were clambering up the ascent of the mount whereon stood the magnet of their hearts, the central, national shrine of worship, the Temple of Jerusalem. Among this motley multitude of hymn-chanting pilgrims hastened the Lord's own Son, going to worship His Father with true filial piety, and to purge His House of the desecrating traffic in oxen, sheep, doves, and tainted usury. Fired by zeal for the glory of God's House, Jesus made a scourge of little cords, and drove them all out of the temple, the sheep also and the oxen. The money of the changers He poured out, their tables he overthrew. To the dove venders He said: "Take these things hence, and make not the house of my Father a house of traffic."

The Temple of Jerusalem stands no more. But He, who promised to rebuild the destroyed temple of His body, has gloriously redeemed that promise by causing the earth to be dotted with temples wherein His glorified Body is housed and adored,—our Catholic churches with their tabernacled altars. Now, however, the order of things is reversed. Love has tied the Scourger's hands, has made Him a prisoner of the tabernacle. From behind those prison bars He pleads for an audience of attentive listeners, and from the altar for active worshippers. But as in the days when He walked in the flesh, so now also men's minds are so engrossed with material plans and cares that they are too preoccupied to heed this privileged invitation.

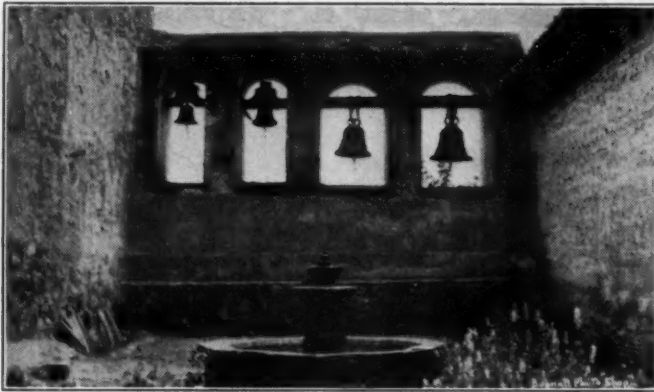


We shall go into the house of the Lord."—Ps. 121:1

## NTTED CORD

us M, O. S. B.

He does not drive men from His house. They leave it all too quickly, as though wearied by being near Him Whose presence makes heaven what it is, and with Whom they hope to spend their eternity. On the contrary, His Bride, Holy Mother Church, must go out into the highways and byways and *drive* men to church on Sundays and Holydays, with a knotted cord, the threat of grave sin incurred by a wilful, causeless neglect of this duty. She must scourge into the pews the *sellers of oxen*, those who are afield satisfying their fleshly desires in the pastures of carnal pleasures and amusements. She must drive into God's house her wandering *sheep*, who, through carelessness or forgetfulness, seem not to find the open church door. She must whip into a realization of the demands of a higher, nobler love those who with their cooing *ringdoves* find the call of the highway more enticing than the inviting notes of the church chimes. Yes, she must fairly drag from their *counting houses* men whose business it is to make of the Lord's day of rest a self-filled day of work and sordid gain. Poor, benighted, passion-blinded men. "The *sensual* man perceiveth not these things that are of the spirit of God."—1 Cor. 2:14. He understands not that the greatest drama ever staged on earth is when God immolates Himself anew upon our altars for us. He realizes not the love of Him Who dies that we may live. He calculates not the incalculable gain of merit now, and glory hereafter, by attendance at the Holy Sacrifice. Ah, these world-spoiled, pleasure-intoxicated, blinded children see not the fatal noose dangling over their heads as with a sardonic smile they leap—to spiritual suicide.



MISSION BELLS—SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

ever reached toward civilization and culture.

In 1825 the annual production from the twenty-one missions amounted to \$100,000, and a pious fund added an important item to their credit. The missions extended from San Diego to San Francisco, a distance of six hundred miles; each one being a day's journey from the other, connected by the romantic old trail, El Camino Real, the King's Highway.

The Indians lived in the vicinity of the mission churches. Realizing they were unfit for civil government, the priests kept them in the service of the church. Each Indian receiving an allotment of necessary bedding and clothing each year.

The San Diego mission was a commodious structure, with a long façade. The bells of this mission were brought from Spain. For ten years this mission was in the possession of a band of soldiers commissioned by the Mexican authorities to take charge of the church property, who after all did much to destroy the sacred edifice. While the ruins of this old mission still stand, a new mission, has recently been erected adjacent to the historic one.

The Santa Barbara Mission, founded in 1786, is the best preserved of all the missions. It has three times been remodeled. The first forty-eight years in this mission's history were earnest years. Aside from the conversion and baptism of 4,600 Indians, there were raised 152,797 bushels of wheat, 24,733 of barley, 19,084 of maize, and 2,458 of beans.

The San Juan Capistrano Mission was twenty years in building. In 1812 the church was badly damaged by an earthquake shock. There are some interesting keepsakes in San

Juan. Among them are: vessels of gold and silver centuries old, priestly garbs brought from Spain, and a book of Father Junipero's writings in his own hand.

In the town of San Gabriel to-day the story of the missions is commemorated by the mission play, picturing the life of the missions in the days of their glory. Here in San Gabriel one finds another interesting old mission.

Most of the missions are of brick and stone, with walls six feet in thickness. Time indeed has wrought havoc upon these holy buildings. Where the Fathers of San Gabriel once had charge of twenty thousand acres all under cultivation, and the mission with its two thousand three hundred trees, twenty-five thousand head of cattle, and fifteen thousand sheep—what is there to-day? The Fathers had reclaimed it all from the desert under the treaty between the United States and Mexico. Melancholy phantoms stalk in memory through lonely cloisters and among the ruins of a noble past. Tall weeds grow upon their thresholds, and swallows build their nests unmolested in the crevices of the wall. Here where Indian neophytes and stern Spanish soldiers knelt, the tourist halts for a moment then with a sigh passes on. To Father Junipero, who lies buried at Monterey, these ruins are but a monument of stone.

Why have the missions passed out into history? The vast wealth wrested from the desert by the people of the missions attracted the attention of the civil power of Mexico, who in 1833 secularized the missions, thus transferring them to the civil government, and the Indian went back to his native life, while many



THE CLOISTER—SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO



of the mission buildings were sold at auction. The American conquest of California completed the ruin of the missions. Settlers took possession, driving out the priests and using the magnificent buildings for their stables.

To-day the people of California realize the priceless worth of the few remaining ruins left within the state, and every effort is being put forth to save what is left of them from further decay. Here hundreds of people pass through the few remaining walls each year, as they look upon them they turn a page in the annals of the past.

## Spiritual Sealing Wax

R. F. LEON

EVERY housewife knows how to use sealing wax when the canning season drops around. She knows that the lids are firmly cemented to the cans by means of the melted wax, and that the fruit or vegetables within are thus preserved from the corrupting influences of the outside air.

There is another, a spiritual canning season, which should be of interest, not to housewives alone, but to every earnest worker for the Kingdom of Heaven. This interior canning season lasts throughout the entire year, it must be kept up continually, and it is so needful that it can not be neglected. The passions have to be preserved from wicked influences, and good habits need to be carefully sealed up in airtight jars and stored far away from the corrupting morality of the world about us. There is only one way of being sure that we shall have wholesome fruit to serve the Divine Master on the Last Day, and that is, to make a plentiful use *now* of the sealing wax of love. As the cover adheres to the can with the help of the sealing wax, so our souls are closely knit to God by love. It would be foolish to imagine that cold sealing wax could serve a useful purpose in the science of canning, and it would be no less foolhardy to expect cold or tepid love to preserve the soul in a state of unstained purity through the long winter of this life. It is by no means a vain effort, therefore, to

strive to fill the ladle of one's heart with the hot wax of divine love. Its preserving properties were known to all the saints, and their close union with the God of their hearts shows how well they made use of it.

## Blessed Don John Bosco

(Continued from page 213)

world, something like the Tertiaries of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Dominic, and the Oblates of St. Benedict. Like in some ways, but differing considerably in others. These men and women are known as co-operators, and they hold a brief to render first aid to the priests and nuns. Whether by giving active service or pecuniary or other help. The advantages\* gained by themselves are absolutely astounding, and the indulgences so easily gained and so extraordinary one wonders every man and woman who possibly can join up does not do so without a moment's delay.

(To be continued)

### (\*) ADVANTAGES OF SALESIAN CO-OPERATORS

1. The right of participating in the great spiritual merit accruing from the countless good works which the Salesian Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters are organizing and directing the world over.
2. A Mass is offered up every day in the Blessed Don Bosco's Basilica (Turin) for the needs, spiritual and temporal, of the cooperators and their relatives.
3. Morning and evening, the members of the Salesian Congregation and the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, with hundreds of thousands of their pupils, offer up prayers for their cooperators, and special prayers are said daily for deceased cooperators.



GRAPEVINE BROUGHT FROM SPAIN IN 1770—SAN GABRIEL MISSION

## INDULGENCES OF DAILY WORK SANCTIFIED

Our Holy Father Pope Pius XI in an audience given to the Superior General on the 6th of June, 1922, has granted the following special favor: Every time that the Salesians, the Daughters of Mary Help of Christians, their pupils, ex-pupils and the cooperators of both sexes, sanctify their ordinary work with some pious invocations or ejaculations, however short, they may gain an indulgence of 400 days, and a plenary indulgence once during the day, all applicable to the souls in Purgatory.

*Neglected Missions in the Homeland*

(Continued from page 198)

more attention, if the newcomer is to preserve his faith.

More deplorable, however, is the condition of the colored race that was first brought to our shores in chains and then with one fell stroke unfettered and set at liberty. The lot of our Indians has been better and a far greater per cent has embraced the Faith.

Various religious orders and congregations have been contributing their mite in man power and money for the winning of these two races. The Josephine Fathers labor exclusively for the colored race; the Society of the Divine Word has a seminary for the training of colored youth for the priesthood in the Society. There exist also two sisterhoods of colored women who are laboring for their own race; besides these there is the more recent foundation of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament (white), which was called into existence by Mother Katherine Drexel to labor among the Indians and the Negroes. In the giving of missions to non-Catholics the Paulists are pioneers.

To take up the work of the abandoned home missions, especially in the Southern States, another religious congregation—the Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity—has been created. This new congregation, which has its mother house, novitiate, and preparatory school at Holy Trinity, Alabama, was approved some months ago by the Holy See. At the same postoffice address we find also the mother house, novitiate, and postulate of the Missionary Sisters of the Most Holy Trinity, which is likewise a new foundation for home missionary work. In the words, "Thy kingdom come!" Our Divine Savior has taught us to pray and work for the missions.

*Liturgical Jottings*

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

## LABOR DAY AND THE LITURGY

September is ushered in by the celebration of Labor Day. A peculiar feature of the day is that labor is suspended, and grand speeches about labor are deliv-

ered by labor leaders to those who labor. Labor Day calls to mind very appropriately the derivation and meaning of the word *liturgy*. This foreign-sounding word is a combination of two Greek words *leitōn ergon*, meaning *public work*. The public work meant here is the public worship of God. Canon Law makes a clear-cut distinction between public and private acts of worship: If worship is paid in the name of the Church by one legitimately deputed to that end and by means of acts instituted by the Church and directed only to God, the saints, and the blessed, it is called *public*; otherwise it is *private*. (Canon 1256.) To be public, then, worship must be offered, first, in the name of the Church; secondly, by the proper person or minister; thirdly, in the way authorized by the Church. These three conditions are complied with in every liturgical act or ceremony, and the faithful who are present at such a ceremony and take part in it as members of the universal Church are rendering public worship to God; they are performing a public work of praise and adoration, which can not fail to merit its due reward.

## THE FRUIT OF LABOR

"Property is the fruit of labor," says Abraham Lincoln. This is true also in the spiritual sense. If, by our earnest efforts in performing our daily works we are enabled to amass wealth and earthly possessions, certainly we can in a fuller sense acquire property—eternal possessions—by the due performance of this public work, the work of the liturgy. In the autumn, the toil and labor of spring and summer bring results in the form of an abundant harvest—all conditions for planting and growing to maturity being favorable. But in our public work for God, in our liturgical worship, we need never fear for the harvest. It will inevitably be abundant, if the work has been done well, because God invariably places the conditions proper for a bounteous increase of grace.

*Our Frontispiece*

"Of the earthly paradise," some one has said, "God has left us the flowers of the field and the eyes of a child." We admire the flowers, but we love the child, for in the clear eyes of an innocent child we behold the untainted reflection of God's image mirrored in its spotless soul. Should He then, Who has made that soul and knows its worth, not love His own handiwork? Should He, Who came to earth as a little Babe in order to win our love and thus find an entrance into our hearts, not love these little ones who are His by every right, human and divine? What a pleasure it must afford His all-seeing eye to behold the infant mind unfolding as a flower at the first dawning of reason, when the untutored intellect forms its first idea of Him, and the untrained will makes its first toddling steps towards Him! From that moment he wants that soul to be all His own. Dare we forbid it to come to Him? Will we lead it to Him or drag it away from Him? Both lie in the power of our word and example.—P. K.

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# KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the questions.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

*Are there any Benedictine Cardinals?—Fairmount, Mo.*

Yes, there are two Benedictine Cardinals at present: Justinianus Cardinal Seredi and Ildephonse Cardinal Schuster. Just at this writing it is reported that Cardinal Seredi will succeed Cardinal Gasparri as Papal Secretary of State.

*Does the city of Rome have a special patron like Paris has St. Genevieve?—Slidell, La.*

Saints Peter and Paul have always been considered the special Patron Saints of the city of Rome.

*Do the Philippine Islands have an Apostolic Delegate and who holds the office at present?—Reno, Iowa.*

The present Apostolic Delegate to the Philippine Islands is Most Rev. William Piani, Titular Archbishop of Drama, with his residence at Manila.

*What is the difference between prohibition and temperance?—Denver, Colo.*

By prohibition is meant to forbid utterly under all conditions the use or the performance of something; temperance means the use or doing of a thing in accordance with right reason. No doubt, from the way you shaped your rather lengthy question you had reference to the use of intoxicating liquor and the stand of the Catholic Church on the matter. The temperate use of intoxicating liquor, providing there are no evil circumstances accompanying the drinking thereof, can never be a sin and such an act is not forbidden by the Catholic Church. The Church teaches moderation and reasonable temperance in drink as well as all other legitimate actions; she can never give her consent to the prohibition of anything legitimate and within the rightly constituted laws of God and religion, for such action is not in accordance with reason or common sense and must therefore be condemned by all right-thinking people.

*How many religious orders of women have their mother-house in Indiana? How many of these are strictly contemplative orders and where are the contemplative orders located?—Morgantown, Ind.*

In answer to your question I suggest that you consult the Catholic Directory or the Catholic Year Book, either of which can be furnished you by your pastor. Concerning the contemplative orders, the desired information may be obtained from the Fathers at St. Meinrad's Abbey, the home of THE GRAIL.

*Are the Jesuits monks?—Denver, Colo.*

No. Originally they were considered friars. They are now classed as clerics regular.

*From what religious order have the greatest number of Saints been canonized?—Albany, Ore.*

Thank God, all of the religious orders are plentifully blessed with their quota of Saints. No statistics are available to furnish an accurate answer to your question.

*Is there a Patron Saint for actors and singers?—Kansas City, Mo.*

The Patron Saint of actors is St. Genesius, whose feast is celebrated on August 25th; the Patron Saint of singers is St. Cecilia and the Church commemorates her feast on November 22nd.

*Does not the Catholic Church favor the laborer in distinction to the capitalist?—Wellington, Kans.*

She most certainly does not. A capitalist who has come by his means honestly and lives up to the laws of his religion is far more deserving of praise than a dishonest and irreligious laborer. The Catholic Church stands the vindicator of justice and equally protects the rights of all. It is to be very greatly lamented in our day that too many laboring men are not honest in giving their best to their employers and the Catholic Church condemns them just as quickly as she would the dishonest employer or capitalist.

*Are Lily and Merry the names of Saints?—Atchison, Kans.*

Yes. Lily is a variant form of either Lilioisa or Elizabeth and Merry is another form of Mercedes. All three were Saints.

*Which is the largest community of Benedictine monks in America?—Covington, La.*

St. Vincent Archabbey, at Latrobe, Pa., the mother-house of the American-Cassinense Congregation, is the largest Benedictine community of men in America.

*How long do I have to wait to have a question answered in the Kweery Korner?—Evanston, Ill.*

Kindly read the rules at the head of this column. The editor answers the questions in the order in which they are received. Of course, his space is limited to the one page and it may be possible that your answer will not appear in the issue following its receipt. Ordinarily not more than six weeks or two months elapses between the reception of your question and its answer.

*Who is the present Apostolic Delegate at Washington and where does he reside?—Wichita, Kans.*

The present Delegate to America is Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D. D., and his address is 1811 Biltmore St., Washington, D. C.

*May the Golden Jubilee devotions and indulgences be offered for another person, either living or dead? How many times may these indulgences be gained by the person making the devotions?—Anderson, Ind.*

The Extraordinary Jubilee indulgence may be offered for the dead, not however, for another living person. They may be gained every time you fulfill all the conditions, which, by the way, also includes the fasting and the giving of alms each time.

*When was Saint John Eudes canonized and by whom?—Shawnee, Okla.*

St. John Eudes was canonized by our present Pontiff, Pius XI, on May 31st, 1925.

*Please explain the meaning of friar and monk, as distinguished from each other.—Indianapolis, Ind.*

The best answer to your question is found in Vol. VI of the Catholic Encyclopedia under the title "Friar." The word friar must be carefully distinguished from the word monk. The editor suggests that you carefully read also the article on "Monasticism" in the same work.

*What Saint is called upon in cases of head-ache?—Melcher, Iowa.*

Saint Catherine of Sienna, whose Feast occurs on April 30th., has been piously invoked for centuries for relief in the case of headache.



## Notes of Interest

### Miscellaneous

—The summer school movement is growing rapidly. During the summer now past eighty Catholic colleges and universities conducted summer schools, which were well attended.

—The vacation school movement is likewise growing. Each year an increasing number of schools is opened in parishes where there are no parochial schools. These are taught by volunteers from numerous convents, seminaries, and also by zealous souls among the laity. Immense good is thus accomplished in districts where it is impossible to establish church schools: children are prepared for First Holy Communion, they learn to sing simple church music, the boys are taught how to serve at the altar, and vocations are developed.

—The Oblate Sisters of Providence, a sisterhood founded for women of the Negro race, has passed the century mark. On June 5 it was a hundred years since this sisterhood had received its official approbation from Archbishop Whitfield of Baltimore. The first four novices of the institute made their vows on July 2, 1829. The sisters now number 154 with twenty novices. They are laboring in various dioceses among their own race.

—The parents of Rev. Joseph Basquin, S. J., who attended the First Mass of their son in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Lille, France, recently, had the rare privilege of being present at six Masses that were offered up simultaneously by their six sons, who are all priests. Of these two are Jesuits, one a Benedictine, and three are secular priests.

—For fifty-four years editor of the *Ave Maria*, Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., the son of a Methodist minister and a convert to the Faith, has retired from the editorial sanctum. Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., succeeds as editor of the well-known weekly magazine. Father Hudson was ordained to the priesthood in 1875.

—It is said that there are now 100 ex-Anglican parsons in the priesthood in England alone. Of these nine are Jesuits, eight Benedictines, six Oratorians, three in other Orders. The remainder are secular priests. Since Newman's conversion 787 Anglican ministers in England have become Catholics.

—Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R., a renowned Redemptorist missionary, died at the age of fifty-nine at Davenport, Iowa, on June 5. Father Geiermann, who had been a priest since 1896, was also well known as an author of popular manuals. R. I. P.

### Benedictine

—Dom Wilfrid Upson, O. S. B., who had been Prior of Caldey Abbey during its recent years of trials, has broken down under the burden that lay so heavily upon his shoulders. Dom Benedict Stuart, O. S. B., has succeeded to the difficult post of Prior of Prinknash (New Caldey Abbey).

—The twelfth annual convention of the National

Benedictine Educational Association held its sessions this year at St. Procopius College, Lisle, not far from Chicago.

—Bro. Celestine Mueller, O. S. B., who for many years was editor of the *St. Joseph's Blatt*, and manager of the Abbey printshop at Mt. Angel, Oregon, has been called to his eternal reward. Bro. Celestine was born at St. Gall, Switzerland, on Oct. 2, 1866. Having come to America, he entered the Benedictine community at Mt. Angel, where he consecrated himself to God by the vows of religion on Apr. 27, 1890.

—Dom H. John Chapman, O. S. B., Abbot-elect of Downside Abbey, Bath, England, received the solemn abbatial blessing on July 18 from the hands of Bishop Pearson, O. S. B., of Lancaster.

—Rt. Rev. Joseph McDonald, O. S. B., Abbot of Fort Augustus Abbey, Scotland, has been selected as successor to Most Rev. James A. Smith as Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, which has been vacant since last November.

—Very Rev. Dominic Schelhorn, O. S. B., Prior of the Abbey of Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America, has been elected to succeed the recently deceased Abbot of Sao Paulo, Dom Miguel Kruse, O. S. B.

—Rt. Rev. Anselm Burge, O. S. B., Titular Abbot of Westminster, died on July 17. Abbot Burge who was ordained Sept. 8, 1874, was closing his eighty-third year. From 1885 to 1898 he was Prior of Ampleforth Abbey. He was one of the organizers and first director of the Liverpool Metropolitan Cathedral Choir, and was well known as a composer of church music.

—The Cistercians, who form a distinct branch of the Benedictine family, number 3,500 with fifty-eight abbeys. In their recent general chapter at Cîteaux they elected Dom Herman Smets as Abbot General. Seventy abbots and priors attended the chapter.

—It is gratifying to learn that Rome is well pleased with the progress being made by the Catholic University of Peking. The Rt. Rev. Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, O. S. B., of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., who was recently called to Rome by Cardinal Van Rossum, has been reappointed Chancellor of the University. We understand, moreover, that the University will establish a Faculty of Philosophy in 1931 and a Faculty of Theology in 1933.

—Fr. Hugh Wilt, O. S. B., and Fr. Columban Gross, O. S. B., clerics of St. Vincent Archabbey, who have finished one year of theology, left on August 10 for the Catholic University of Peking. They were accompanied by Rev. Gregory Schramm, O. S. B., of Newark Abbey, who recently won his Ph. D. at John Hopkins. Rev. Aidan Germain, O. S. B., Ph. D., of St. John's Abbey, is also booked for Peking.

—Liturgical Day, the first celebration of its kind in this country, which took place at St. John's Abbey, on July 25, was a marked success. The Abbey Church could not contain the great numbers that were in attendance. At 9 a. m. Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O. S. B., of St. John's, celebrated Pontifical High Mass, at which Bishop Busch, of St. Cloud preached. His Lordship stressed the Mass as the essential internal fact of the



liturgical prayer of the Church. He exhorted all present to join with the celebrant in offering themselves with Christ on the altar, and in living out this obligation in active apostolic labors in behalf of the liturgy of the Church "so that God may be glorified in all things."—There were about 100 visiting priests and 150 sisters in attendance besides a large concourse of the laity. Abbot Alcuin and Rev. Martin B. Hellriegel addressed the assembly in the forenoon as did also Rev. William Busch, of St. Paul Seminary, who read a most interesting paper on "The Missal and the Breviary as Sources of the Spiritual Life." After the noonday meal the liturgical exhibit was inspected. Then followed three interesting papers. At 3:30 p. m. there was a program of liturgical music (Gregorian) in the church. After this Pontifical Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was given by Abbot Alcuin.—All who were privileged to attend this first liturgical day were highly elated over the success of the affair and many were the demands for the annual repetition of the event. Number 11 of the current volume of *Orate Fratres* (price 20 cents) will contain the complete proceedings of Liturgical Day illustrated.

**ST. VINCENT ARCHABBEY:—**On July 2 eight postulants were received into the novitiate. On the feast of the Solemnity of St. Benedict (July 11) seven clerics were solemnly professed. Archabbot Aurelius received the solemn profession of Fr. Blase at Monte Cassino, the cradle of the Benedictine Order, which is now fourteen centuries young.

Rev. Anthony Stromovich, O. S. B., who was ordained at Rome on July 7, offered up his First Mass at the tomb of St. Peter on the following day in presence of Archabbot Aurelius and Rev. Francis Clougherty, O. S. B., of the Catholic University of Peking.

St. Vincent Archabbey has taken over for a number of years the management of the industrial school for colored boys at Belmead, Va.

Five hundred laymen made their retreat at the Archabbey this summer. That was the largest number ever present at the diocesan HolyName retreat.

## St. Lambert

As a boy, Lambert, a worthy product of his native city, Maestricht in Belgium, was placed under the care of the bishop, St. Theobard, who gave him his training in Christian asceticism. In 669 Theobard was assassinated, whereupon his fervent disciple was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the master's untimely death. Lambert's loyalty to his former sovereign, Childeric II, caused his banishment from Maestricht four years later, and he went to the monastery of Stablo where he was received kindly by the Benedictines of that house. One night in the middle of winter he rose from his couch to spend some time in private

devotions and happened, accidentally, to drop his sandal on the floor, thus disturbing the "great silence"—the silence of the night, which is so strict in monastic houses. The abbot, without inquiring who it was, ordered the offender to perform a penance by kneeling at the portal of the monastery before the large crucifix there. Lambert meekly complied with the order given. For this reason the saint is held up as a model of the virtue of meekness and is therefore pictured on that particular art window in St. Meinrad Abbey Church which exemplifies the second Beatitude: Blessed are the meek. The upper portion of the window shows the abbot and his monks finding St. Lambert humbly performing his penance.

After a change in government officials, Lambert was allowed to return to his diocese, which he governed with intense zeal and heroic forgetfulness of self to the day of his death. He fell, pierced by a lance in the year 708, a victim of his determined endeavors to forward the best interests of God and Holy Church at all costs. Liège honors him as its patron saint on September 17.—LEO V. LEE-DEE.



ST. LAMBERT

If purity of conscience, our wedding garment at the Banquet of Love, is habitual with us, and not rented or borrowed for the occasion, we shall make a much better impression on our Host.—F. V.



# Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

## SEPTEMBER

The very name September has magic in it—the magic of the first day of school, meeting old friends and beloved teachers, the smell of burning leaves in the air, cauldrons full of jam and preserves boiling on kitchen stoves—the misty promise of not-far-off winter holidays—Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's. The heart thrills to it all again, glad to get the cool night breezes, so soothing after summer's sizzling heat, glad to get back to work after joyous vacation days are over. At the missions, every tree and post about the buildings has its ramshackle buggy or horse and wagon tethered on, interspersed with dilapidated motor cars, in which Indian parents have brought their offspring "to be taught the white man's language, to learn of the white man's God," as the poem has it.

The children are happily leaping down from the vehicles—that is, those who have been there the year before, for they know what a good place the mission school is, and are eager to get back. The kind faces of the Sisters are wreathed in smiles, as they receive their children back, glad and happy to be able to give the best of their service for these little immortal souls—Christ's pets. There are some, too, who have never been at school before, who reluctantly part from their parents, and shed a good many tears, for the Indian children love their home and parents very strongly, even though that home may be nothing but a shack in the wilderness, patched up of odds and ends of boards and posts and tin.

Soon they learn, however; the good Sisters have a real job on their hands, and the children find how nice it is to be clean and neat instead of ragged and filthy and often vermin-covered. These cultured, educated women from the comfortable homes of cities come out to the wilderness, and do violence to themselves and their refined sensibilities, by caring most lovingly for these poor, neglected children, whose parents are too poverty-stricken to care for them properly.

How beautiful for one human being to care what becomes of another! "Am I my brother's keeper?" asked Cain, seeking to forego responsibility for his brother's death. Indeed, yes, for has not Christ said: "Whoever you do to these my little ones, you do to Me"? Therefore, every fellow being is our near neighbor, our brother, since everything we do to him is felt as an insult or a pleasure to Christ Himself. We ought to be very careful then what we do to our neighbor, since Jesus wants us to see Him in every human being, and if we neglect to help these little Indian children, who need our help so much, we are neglecting Him Who bade us love our neighbor as ourselves. It is a very real responsibility, as we will realize some day when we face His judgment seat and we hear the dread voice of God speaking to us. What would we rather have Him say to us: "Come ye good and faithful servants, enter into the kingdom that is prepared for you; I was naked and you clothed Me; I was hungry and you fed me; I was homeless and you gave me shelter," or—the opposite?

By being a home missionary and enabling the Fathers and Sisters on the "firing line" to carry on their work, we will have clothed and fed and given shelter to our dear Lord Himself.

## SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Work is going forward as briskly as possible on the new school, furnishings being purchased as fast as funds allow—some of them even on credit, in the hope that kind friends will see that the bills are defrayed. Hand-power washing machines, washboards, clothespins, wash line and soap will be needed, and here, many friends who are unable to do a great deal, may help some by supplying one of these items. Someone may be able to purchase a hand-power machine from a mail-order house and have it sent direct to Seven Dolores. Several ladies may be able to send washboards; galvanized tubs may be ordered likewise from mail-order houses at very low prices; clothespins may be purchased at the 5 and 10¢ store at 30 to 40 for a dime; as for wash lines, the good window-cord should be sent, as the cheaper kinds ravel out in a short time; many department stores run soap and washing powder sales on certain days, and such an order would be a great help to the Sisters. Each one may take his pick and send what pleases him or his purse best; there is little danger of too much duplication, for it will take a great deal of soap and clothespins and a long, long wash line for so many clothes, and the more implements, such as tubs and machines and washboards there are, the easier and more convenient will the laundry work be.

Now, surely we will not let these good Sisters and earnest, industrious Indian girls want for the things they need to keep clean. If every housewife sends one item, they will have an abundance of all they need. Write CLARE HAMPTON, (5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.) what you intend to send, so that we may advise you if that item has already been provided for or not. Or send money for it, and we will purchase the articles here in St. Louis, where there are many good bargain sales on such articles. Old sad irons discarded by housewives when they purchased their new electric iron, will be very welcome. Send them on direct to Seven Dolores.

The cooking range needed for the kitchen will cost \$275.00. St. Mary's Society of Indian women voted \$4.76 toward the purchase of this range, and the men of St. Joseph's Society donated \$5.00. They haven't much in their treasury, but whatever they have, they



First Communion Class at Government School  
Seven Dolores Indian Mission

give willingly, knowing it is for the good of their children, who are to be educated in this school. As winter will soon be here, let us help all we can in fitting out Father Ambrose's mission school in every way possible, so that the children will have a warm, comfortable place in which to live, study and sleep, so that they may become good, useful citizens of these United States, and later—of Heaven. Start now to lay aside bargain purchases of laundry or kitchen needs, and when you have a boxful, send it to the mission.

#### S. O. S.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

We had a very enjoyable visit the other day from Father Justin Snyder of Immaculate Conception Mission, who passed through St. Louis on business. He asked that we make a very urgent appeal for a new oven for his mission, as the old one is so badly burnt out, that it will be a difficult problem to provide the two hundred loaves needed every day to feed his 150 Indian kiddies, and bread, you know, is their mainstay. This oven has been in bad shape for more than a year, and the good Sisters and their girl helpers have had much difficulty in baking in it, but as there were no funds available for a new one, they have had to plod along patiently, coaxing the old one to keep on working. But everybody knows that to make good, digestible bread, one must have a perfect oven. An oven that no longer bakes well will not make the right sort of bread, and indigestible bread will cause upset stomachs, and consequent sickness. Shall we permit these little children and the good Sisters and Fathers to suffer for want of a decent oven? It will cost about \$200. If 800 persons will send 25¢, the \$200 will be easily made up; or if 400 persons send 50¢ each; or if 200 send \$1.00 each. Send donations to CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., or direct to Father Justin, and let us lighten this anxiety for him.

Last year it became necessary to build more classrooms, as the old school building, which was built to accommodate sixty children, was made to house 150. A one-story building was put up, containing three classrooms. There is still a debt on this and on the old buildings. And now it has become necessary to build a new rectory for Fathers Pius and Justin, as the old house, a ramshackle shed affair, has been in service forty years. It was the only building on the mission when Father Pius first came, and it survived one fire and two tornadoes. Now it has so many cracks and crannies, that the winter winds blow through it as if the windows were open, and Father Pius has often had to wear his rubbers indoors to keep his feet warm during the very cold days. Father Justin has been sleeping most anywhere he could find room, and now that the old rectory is about to fall down, they have at last decided that, debt or no debt, a new house for the two Fathers is absolutely necessary. So it is in course of construction now.

Father Justin also stated that mission work would be thoroughly enjoyable if it were not for the wear and tear of constant anxiety regarding the finances. One grows to like the Indians, he says, and loves to work among them; they are a simple, childlike people, but one must constantly visit them and assure them of love and interest and friendship, as they are very shy. One must be patient and kind and never show anger, lest they be frightened off. For, it would seem, because of the way they have been manhandled by the white man, and pushed off into the wilderness with little or no means of sustenance, they distrust him, and it is the missionary's huge task to regain their confidence and love, and lead them to a true knowledge of the Great Spirit Whom they have always worshipped without knowing anything about Him. So let us set aside some little amount each month for these missions, and lighten a missionary's heart. Then watch the blessings fall like ripe fruit into our laps!

#### ST. PAUL'S MISSION

They are needing school books at Marty, now that September is here, and there are hundreds of people who have discarded school books from their children, which might be used to advantage by the Indian kiddies. Why not pack them up into a box and send them to St. Paul's Mission? They need Cathedral readers from first to eighth grade, and fifty second-hand primers. They also need unionalls for boys between the ages of four and ten. Anyone having such garments which have been outgrown by their own boys, may send them. Also boys' jackets. Boys have a habit of outgrowing their coats in a short time, without their being very much worn. These will be just fine to send to the Indian boys. Also, a Congoleum rug, 9 x 12, is needed for the girl's washroom. Perhaps someone has such a one which they do not need. Let us help!

#### SILVER FOIL

The following kind ladies have sent in boxes of silver and tin foil: Miss Bridget Smith, Chicora, Pa.; Mrs. W. Donovan, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Annie Rawlett, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. G. Zeller, Paris, Ark.; Mrs. L. Palma, Brooklyn, N. Y. The following ladies sent in fine boxes of rosaries, medals, holy pictures, prayer books, etc.: Mrs. M. G. Smith, Butler, Pa.; Mrs. Wehrheim, Pittsburgh, Pa. Many thanks to all these kind donors. Everything helps. Send whatever you can.

#### BEADWORK AND QUILT TOPS

Now is the time to replenish your stock of quilts in order to be ready for the winter. We still have four very beautiful quilt tops on hand: one cotton one at \$5.00; three of all silk patches, nicely featherstitched, \$8.00 each. Also one velvet-patch cushion top, beaded, \$200; adult moccasins, \$2.00; Children's \$1.50 and \$1.00—(Length of foot in inches); baby moccasins, heavily beaded, 85¢; headband, solid beading, \$1.25; war club, beaded handle, \$2.00; Buckskin handbags, \$2.00 and \$2.50; coin purse, \$1.00; round, solid, beaded handbag, \$3.00; woven bead bracelets, 50¢ each; woven necklaces, \$1.00; pin cushions, 75¢; 1 hand-drawn handkerchief, 25¢; puff purses of pretty silk, with snap fasteners 25¢ each. May be also used as coin purse. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

#### A FIRST COMMUNION HYMN

Put Thine arms around me  
Feeble as I am;  
Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb.

Jesus, Lord, I love Thee  
With my whole, whole heart;  
Not for what Thou givest,  
But for what Thou art.

Come to me, sweet Savior,  
Come to me and stay,  
For I want Thee, Jesus,  
More than I can say.

Ah! what gift and present,  
Jesus, shall I bring?  
I have nothing worthy  
Of my Lord and King.

But Thou art my Good Shepherd,  
I, Thy little lamb—  
Take myself, sweet Savior,  
All I have and am.

—America.





AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—What melodious sounds do I hear? From what source comes the music that fills the air? Ah! I know! This is golden, gorgeous, glorious September! School bells are ringing everywhere! Voices of happy children blend in sweet songs. The air is full of joy!

Beautiful September, what month can compare with thee! Golden rod, aster and sunflower adorn the field and highway and add a glory to the landscape that surpasses the most exquisite colorings.

The sunflower is so common that many regard it as a weed and pass it by without giving it more than a glance, even begrudging it the space it occupies. But, if we will, we can learn a lesson from its blossom for it turns its face to the sky all day, greeting the sun as it rises, following it in its course across the heavens, and saying "Good night" to it in the West. Perhaps if everyone knew the old Greek myth about the sunflower, it would be regarded more kindly. You may not have read this story so I shall retell it for you here.

#### CLYTIE

In the long ago there lived a lovely nymph called Clytie. Her hair was golden like the buttercups and cowslips that grew along the streams and in the woods which she loved. Her robe was green like the grass and the leaves. Clytie found her greatest pleasure in wandering along the little winding streams and through the meadows. As she sat among the nodding flowers, she listened to the music of the brook, but her face was ever turned toward the sun as a flower that feels that all its warmth and light comes from that source. The sun never shone too brightly for her, nor did its heat ever drive her indoors. She grew more beautiful each day.

In the morning when the first faint pink flush appeared in the sky, Clytie arose and walked through the dewy grass to the hilltop where she waited until the shining edge of the sun appeared and flooded the earth with light. She roamed through the woods, waded in the streams, and kept her sweet face turned toward the sun all day. Sometimes dark clouds covered the face of the sun and she could not see him. Then she was sad and unhappy and drooped her head. When the sun started down toward the western horizon, Clytie gathered up her flowers and followed him. She climbed to the top of the hill that she might catch his last lingering glance. Long after he had disappeared she still sat there watching the purple, pink, and golden clouds that still reflected his glory. Then as quietly and sweetly as flowers go to sleep she sank to rest upon the mossy earth.

Thus did this sun-loving maiden pass her days. Like the flowers, she thrived only in the warmth and light of the sun.

Apollo, the great sun god, who looks down upon mortals, saw the lovely Clytie moving about over the fields, and because she was so beautiful and so flower-like, and because she loved the sun, he said she should never die like other mortals. Her feet sank into the

soft earth and her green garments became long and slender leaves. Her soft yellow hair was changed to lovely yellow petals grouped around her beautiful brown eyes in the center, and all day long she turned her lovely face to the golden shining sun, watching him when first he appeared until he passed out of sight, saying good night to all the world.

Having read this story of Clytie, you will be better able to appreciate September's golden, glowing, gorgeous sunflower.

Do you know that the sunflower originally belonged to the class of flowers called heliotrope? *Helios* means sun and *trepein*, from which comes *tropos*, means to turn.

#### THE LOVE THAT OVERFLOWS

"I don't like cats and dogs," she said;  
"It seems a shame to me  
To waste one's love on animals.  
You see," continued she,

"'Tis folks I love; with quadrupeds  
I have no place or part."  
Did she imagination lack—  
Or was she cold of heart?

Love's not a thing to be confined;  
The more it gives, it grows;  
The heart that loves humanity  
The fullest overflows

To all that claim its tenderness,  
The humblest and the least—  
That loves its God, its fellow-man,  
And also bird and beast.

—Louella C. Poole.

#### BIBLE VERSES FOR SEPTEMBER

Labor not for the meat that perisheth, but for that which endureth to life everlasting.

A good name is better than precious ointments, and the day of death than the day of one's birth.

The eyes of a wise man are in his head: the fool walketh in darkness.

The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.

A fool immediately showeth his anger; but he that dissembleth injuries is wise.

The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands.

Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor: the Lord will deliver him on the evil day.

The innocent believeth every word; the discreet man considereth his steps.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord: they shall praise thee forever and ever.

Amen, Amen, I say to you: He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life.



What hath pride profited us, or what advantages  
hath the boasting of riches brought us.

Rebuke not a scorner lest he hate thee: Rebuke a  
wise man and he will love thee.

He that loveth correction, loveth knowledge, but he  
that hateth reproof is foolish.

Our God is our refuge and strength: a helper in  
troubles which have found us exceedingly.

### BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,

And underneath the eaves

He builds a nest and plasters it

With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work,

A carpenter is he;

And you may find him hammering

His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practices

The basketmaker's trade,

See what a cradle for his young

The little thing has made.

Of all the weavers that I know

The oriole's the best;

High on the apple tree he weaves

A cozy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;

A skillful workman he!

Of wool and threads he makes a nest

That you would like to see.

Some little birds are miners,

Some build upon the ground;

And busy little tailors, too,

Among the birds are found.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work

"Not so," says he, "we do;

My wife and I take other nests

And live at ease—cuckoo!"—Ex.

### THE PASSION FLOWER

We presume that most of the readers of THE CORNER  
have seen the passion flower, a vine with tendrils or  
curls like the grapevine and purple blossoms, the color  
prescribed by the Church for the vestment worn in Ad-  
vent and Lent. Those who have not seen this remark-  
able flower will find a picture of it in the dictionary or  
in some other book that has illustrations of flowers.

The following description is taken from "The En-  
quiry Bureau" of *The (London) Universe*:

According to some the ten members composing the  
perianth of the Passion Flower represent the Apostles,  
Peter being absent because he denied his Master,  
and Judas, because he betrayed Him. The rays within  
the flower are the nimbus or glory. The ovary is sup-  
posed to resemble a hammer, while the three styles with  
their rounded heads are the nails, the five stamens be-  
ing the five wounds. In an old Spanish tradition it  
was the passion flower that climbed the cross and fast-  
ened about the scars in the wood where the nails had  
been driven through the hands and feet of the Sufferer.  
The early Fathers saw in its bud the Eucharist, in its  
half-open flower the star in the East, and in full bloom  
the five wounds, the nails, the hammer, the spear, the  
pillar of scourging and the crown of thorns, and in its  
leaves the spear head and the thirty pieces of silver,  
and its tendrils the cords that bound Our Lord. When  
the Spaniards found the flower growing in the South  
American jungle, they regarded it as a promise of  
the conversion of the natives.

If you're fretted and cross,  
And quite at a loss  
To know really what is worthwhile,  
Find somebody who,  
Is worse off than you,  
And see if you can't make him smile.

### A RUNAWAY SAINT

Were all the saints always good and holy from the  
time they were little children? Or were some of them  
once bad like many boys and girls of our day?

Some of them, it is true, were good and holy from the  
cradle up, but most of them became saints only after a  
long struggle with their passions, overcoming bad hab-  
its with great effort, but they persevered in their efforts  
until they had conquered. Some, indeed, lived very  
wicked lives before their conversion. It was with the  
help of the grace of God that they were able to turn  
from their evil ways. Don't for a moment think that  
it was an easy matter to break the bonds of sin that  
held them fast in the service of the devil. Sinful habits  
are not easily broken. Fasting, earnest prayer, the per-  
formance of severe, and even heroic, penances were  
some of the means they used. They did not give way  
to discouragement even though it may often have  
seemed next to impossible to overcome themselves. God  
saw their good will, and He helped them.

What the saints have done, each of us can also do,  
but not without the help of God. We must have the  
good will to become holy and persevere constantly in  
our purpose with prayer and the frequent reception  
of the holy sacraments. The road to sanctity and holi-  
ness is upgrade, steep, and must be traveled slowly.  
You will scarcely reach your destination (holiness) in  
leaps in bounds. Moreover, along this road to holiness  
there are many fragrant roses, (virtues, good deeds),  
but the many sharp thorns (the difficulties in the way)  
makes it no easy matter to pluck them.

St. John of God, about whom I am going to tell you,  
had a rather late start in life on the road to holiness,  
but he made up for lost time and became a great saint.  
Don't forget that saintly souls are the special friends of  
God, who looks with pleasure on their efforts to over-  
come themselves and please Him.

When St. John of God was a little boy—that was a  
long time ago—he lived in far-off Portugal across the  
Atlantic Ocean. We read in his life that he ran away  
from home. After travelling long, and perhaps suffer-  
ing many hardships on the way, he came into the neigh-  
boring country of Spain. Here he found employment  
with a farmer, who gave him his cattle and sheep to  
tend to. Here he grew up to manhood. Later he served  
as a soldier, first against the French, then against the  
Turks, who were enemies of Christianity.

At the age of forty he began to see the uselessness of  
his life and determined to do something worthwhile.  
First he went to Africa with the family of a nobleman  
who had been driven into exile. There many Christians  
were held in slavery by the Moors, who were terrible  
persecutors and most cruelly tortured their Christian  
slaves. This nobleman was poor, for his property had  
been taken away from him. John helped to support the  
family. With his earnings he also redeemed captive  
Christians and gave them their liberty. Then, after  
some time, he returned to Spain and began to sell holy  
pictures and good books at a low price so as to induce  
the people to buy and read and lead better their lives.

Once when he was in Granada he heard a sermon  
preached by St. John of Avila, and he was so filled with  
remorse because of the bad use he had made of his past  
life that he became hysterical. People thought he was  
mad, insane, and they put him in an asylum. When he  
became calm again, he was permitted to leave the in-  
stitution. Once more he sought to do good by caring  
for the homeless poor.

One night, so the story goes, he was unusually  
blessed. As he was going about his duty, he found in  
the streets a man who was near death. He took the  
poor fellow to a hospital that he might give him proper  
care. Having obtained water, he set about washing  
the feet of the injured man and was filled with wonder

to see that the feet were pierced. He looked up and heard these words, "John, all that thou doest to the poor in My name thou doest to me; I reach forth my hands for the alms thou givest; Me dost thou clothe; Mine are the feet thou dost wash." And then the vision disappeared.

One time when the hospital that he had built caught fire, John was seen rushing about through the flames uninjured until he had rescued all the sick poor.

After ten years spent in the service of the suffering, the saint died. His death was brought on from exposure while attempting to rescue a boy who had fallen into a river. The church honors him on as Saint John of God.

### THE STORM KING

Oh! sing me a song of the Winter wild,  
A lay of the howling blast  
That heralds the march of the great Storm King,  
That echoes when he hath past.

His power is great, and sad is the fate  
Of the mortal who braves his wrath,  
And many a one who laughed and defied  
Hath fallen beneath his swath.

His terrible breath hath the touch of death  
For those who are not his care.  
Yet some are his subjects true, I ween,  
And these he hath seemed to spare.

I speak of the men of the far, far North  
With hearts and sinews of steel  
Whom the biting blast doth spare till the last  
As a tribute to their zeal.

—Leo F. Hornung, in *St. Vincent Journal*.

### NEW LIGHTS ON ANCIENT HISTORY

(These are answers to test questions, especially enlightening, since they come from high-school pupils.)

**Question**—Give a survey of civilization after the Flood.

**Answer**—Noah had three sons. Each one started a different trade, and then the world came back to civilization.

Q. Why is the Delta of the Nile so called?

A. Because the trash of the upper land drifted there.

Q. Give an account of Jewish history from the time of the Judges till the Division of the Kingdom.

A. During this period the Jews were annoyed by the fly, mosquito, and frog stampede (plague).

Q. Describe the excavations on the site of Troy (where nine buried cities were unearthed).

A. After the sand had blown over one city, another town started here without the knowledge of the others.

Q. Give an account of the Egyptian form of religion.

A. The Egyptians worshipped their ancestors and other animals.

Q. Describe the Egyptian calendar.

A. The calendar had some parts of a month for weeks. They started from a certain day forwards and counted backwards.

Q. Who were the Roman "augurs"?

A. They were all collegians who figured out by looking at the entrails of birds.

Q. Describe the Roman god, Janus (god with two faces).

A. They had a god, Janus, who looked in and out at the same time.

Q. Name an important power of the Roman tribune.

A. If anything went wrong, the tribune could say "veto" and it would stop.

Q. Name the seven hills of Rome.

The seven hills of Rome are: Criminal, Viaticum, Quilitine, Valentine, Forum, Etrusian, and Adventine.

### Q. The Punic Wars.

A. Hamilcar's army grew their own food—Cannae was a battle of cold butchery of cold steel—After passing the impassable Alps, Hannibal defeated two armies—These battles were fought curiously.

Prize your friend for her true good heart, little maid,  
Though her dress be poor and mean,  
The years like a fairy's wand may change  
Cinderella to a queen.

### LETTER BOX

Hurrah! Back in school and everyone busy! If you haven't had a pencil in hand all summer now is a good time to get in practice, and incidentally to take pen and ink and write to THE CORNER. I hope the letters come tumbling in so fast that I shall have to call on Mary Agnes to help me read them all! The two little girls whose pictures you saw in the May issue of THE GRAIL help me read the letters and also enjoy helping to mail out the Buttons. Please send so many that they will be kept busy for a week.

### SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

### LETTERS IN THIS NUMBER

Gladys Hayes (13), 521 Harrison Ave., Peekskill, N. Y.

Bernadette Yaeger, 58 Domedion Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Georgia Thompson, Creighton, Nebr.

Louise Dempkowski, (16), 2043 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Marie De Roller (13), 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y.

Rita De Roller (11), 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y.

Dorothy Klaud (16), 5632 Avondale Ave., Chicago.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have written you before but I failed to receive a "Fidelity Button." I saw your answer in the June issue of the "Grail," so I am going to try again. I hope my letter does not see the wastepaper basket this time, because I have tried very hard to follow the rules of how to win a Fidelity Button.

I would like very much to correspond with some of the "Cornerites" about my own age.

I will close now, hoping again that this letter will skip the waste paper basket.

Your new niece, Gladys Hayes, 521 Harrison Ave., Peekskill, N. Y.

Gladys, you must leave a margin, if you wish to win a Fidelity Button.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

As my mother has been receiving "The Grail" for the last two years, I have been very interested in the Children's Corner. I go to Most Holy Redeemer School, and I am in the fourth grade. I am very anxious to answer all letters from the "Cornerites." Hope I have followed the rules correctly to win a Fidelity Button.

Hoping this will be published, I remain, your new niece, Bernadette Yaeger, 58 Domedion Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

My dear Aunt Agnes:

I just finished reading my monthly magazine "The Grail" because I think it is proper for a girl of my age to read it, instead of reading those trashy magazines, as The True Story Magazine. I just joined "The Grail" last May and I received as a souvenir a beautiful English Prayer Book. I have been reading "The Grail" for more than two years now, (because my mother takes it over three years now), but I always thought that I was too old to join your corner. I read the letter of Josephine Madden, she is sixteen so I made up my mind right then and there to write to you, my dear Aunt Agnes, immediately.

I will try to answer all the letters that Cornerites may write to me. Is there any chance of me receiving a Fidelity Button? I would enjoy having one.

I am hoping you will admit me to your corner. I remain with best wishes and many thanks to my dear Aunt Agnes and the "Cornerites," Sincerely Yours, Louise Dempkowski, 2043 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Leave a margin Louise, at both sides of the page. That is one of the rules for winning a Fidelity Button, as you may read above.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

You may think it rude of me because I am writing a letter without you knowing it, but I am very anxious to receive one of your "Fidelity Buttons."

When we received your April issue of "The Grail," I... found that many were receiving buttons. Could you use me as a member of your corner? I hope you can.

As my letter is getting rather long, I think I will close, but I certainly will write again. I remain, Your future cornerite, Marie De Roller, 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y.

P. S. Will you inform some girls about my age to write to me? I thank you in advance.

You must leave a margin, Marie. Look over the rules again.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Have you room for a new cornerite?

When we received the monthly "Grail" I quickly turned to the Children's Corner and realized that many were receiving "Fidelity Buttons." Do you think I can receive one? I am most anxious to find this out, because I would be only too proud to wear one, I am, Gratefully Yours, Rita De Roller, 128 Alphonse St., Rochester, N. Y.

If Rita De Roller will write again and follow all the rules, she may win a button.

Dear Aunt Agnes:—

About six weeks ago I wrote a letter to you asking to be admitted to your corner. My letter appeared in The Grail so I believe you have admitted me to your club, Aunt Agnes. The month my letter was published an answer appeared below my letter stating that I would receive a Fidelity Button. I have been expecting it every day but as yet, have not received it.

I am corresponding with a lovely girl in Omaha, Margaret Bauer. She is a "Cornerite."

Thanking you thousands of times for admitting me to your corner, dear Aunt Agnes, I am, with best wishes to you and all "Cornerites," Sincerely yours, Dorothy Klaud, 5632 Avondale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sorry you failed to receive your button, Dorothy. I'll send you another.

Here is a letter from a little girl who helps the Indian missions.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I read The Grail and I think it is wonderful.

Our neighbor gave us some copies and we sent some boxes to the Indian mission, I like to help them.

I will close—Yours Truly, Georgia Thompson, Creighton, Nebr., c/o Geo. Thompson.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I have been trying to get up enough courage to write to you but I have never succeeded until now.

I'll now tell you something about myself. I am 15 years old and am a Freshman in Jasper High School. I have four sisters and two brothers, all younger than myself.

In our High School, we have three courses of which we pick one. They are: the Academic, Commercial, and Home Economic Courses. I am taking the Commercial course. The studies in it are: Algebra, English, Domestic Science, Civics and Physical Education. There are 43 girls and boys in our Freshman class and about 110 in our entire High School.

Aunt Agnes, may I join the Corner? I would love to belong to it. Will some Cornerites please write to me? I will answer all the letters I receive.

Hoping soon to be a Cornerite, I am, Your loving niece, Lillian Sermersheim, 222 Jackson, Jasper, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

I am in the Sophomore year at the Cathedral High School, which is taught by the Sisters of Mercy. I am fifteen years old.

At home we do not receive the "Grail" but I happened to see it at a friend's home. In it I consider, the Letter Box the most interesting. I am hoping to be a Cornerite, and wish my letter to be published.

I am willing to answer all letters sent to me.—Your Loving Niece, Catherine T. Brophy, 110 Southard, Trenton, N. J.

### THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED

The girls that are wanted are home girls—

Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust in,  
And little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone

And pleasant when nobody sees,  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,

That know what to do and to say,  
That drive, with a smile or a soft word,  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—

Good girls from the hearts to the lips,  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.

—Exchange.

### LIFE

A sunrise, then a little rain,  
An hour free from grief and pain,  
A little toil, a little care,  
A weary heart, as on we fare,  
A little journey back to God,  
A little rest beneath the sod,  
And life is done!

A little pray'r, a little love,  
A little thought for God above,  
The offering of a little tear,  
A little trust in ev'ry fear,  
A little cross for you and me,  
An hour of Gethsemane,  
And Heav'n is won!—Ex.



To do to others as I would  
That they should do to me,  
Will make me honest, kind and good,  
As children ought to be.

#### EXCHANGE SMILES

Teacher: "Who can name an action that is common to birds but not to man?" After waiting a moment for reply, she continued: "What can every bird do that man cannot?" "Lay eggs," suggested Tommy.—Ex.

Here are some more school-boy "howlers":

"The Pope lives in a vacuum."

"A cuckoo is a bird that does not lay its own eggs."

"The Sublime Porte is very fine old wine."

"A prism is a kind of sphinx."

"Gravitation is when an apple falls on the floor."

"The place where they keep all kinds of beasts is a theological garden."

"Benjamin Franklin invented lightning."

"Fannie L. (Faneuil Hall) was an American patriot."

"Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption from the Vatican."

"The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women, only more horrible."

"Edward the Third would have been King of France if his mother had been a man."

"Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward."

"George Washington married Mary Curtis, and in due time became the father of his country."

"A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian."

"The Prince of Wales is a large fish which spouts vile substances."—Ex.

Little Rollis, four years old, came to the table, where we had tomato soup, of which he is very fond. Being very hungry, he could not wait for it to cool, but hastily ate two or three spoonfuls; then, laying down his spoon, he exclaimed: "My goodness, that soup is so hot it makes sparks all down me."—Ex.

#### SCIENCE VERSUS NATURE

Methusaleh ate what he found on his plate

And never, as people do now,

Did he note the amount of the calorie count—

He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat

Destroying a roast or a pie,

To think it was lacking in granular fat

Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food,

Untroubled by worries or fears

Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy desert,

And he lived over nine hundred years!—Ex.

#### Abbey and Seminary

—At present writing (Aug. 12) Father Dominic, who has been Rector of St. Meinrad College since 1895, is at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, preparing to undergo an operation of a very serious nature. We bespeak for him the prayers of his many friends that he may have a speedy recovery.

—Although there is little to record from "hall and cell" during the "dog days," we shall endeavor to keep up appearances by not omitting the customary notes from our monastic home.

—July went out perspiring quite freely and August entered upon duty dry, panting, with rapid pulse, and a high temperature. On the second of the month, however, dark clouds gathered in formidable array in the vaulted heavens. An electric storm broke over us late in the afternoon. Sharp lightnings played and piercing, deafening thunderbolts were hurled upon defenceless Mother Earth below. No serious damage was done in our immediate vicinity, but in the neighboring town of Dale a man was killed outright. He had sought refuge beneath the spreading branches of a tree, and there he was struck down.

—Before early Mass on the morning of August 5 four young men were invested in the habit of St. Benedict and thus formally received into the clerical novitiate. Three of these had finished their classical course in the College in June, while the fourth had added a year of philosophy in the Seminary. They are Oscar Edele, St. Henry, Ind., Alfred Steinhäuser, Louisville, Ky., Henry Thewes, Dubois, Ind., and Charles Ehringer, Jeffersonville. Father Prior Columban officiated in the absence of the Rt. Rev. Abbot.—Mr. Anthony Eder, of Indianapolis, who was prevented by illness from returning in July with the other members of his class to enter the novitiate, hopes to be back shortly. Before school opens on Sept. 11 he will be invested with the monastic garb and begin his year's novitiate.

—August 6, the feast of the Transfiguration, was a happy day for our five novices who had been invested a year ago. During Solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by Father Prior, these five were admitted to their triennial vows. The new clerics are Fr. Joseph (Raymond) Battaglia, Belleville, Ill., Fr. Gualbert (Edward) Brunsmann, Connorsville, Ind., Fr. Hugh (John) Schuck, Indianapolis, Fr. Gerald (Francis) Benkert, Louisville, and Fr. Bernardine (Francis) Shine, Indianapolis.

—On the same day Father Subprior Celestine was celebrant of the Solemn High Mass in the convent chapel of the Benedictine Sisters at Ferdinand, when nine Sisters made their perpetual vows. Fr. Jerome Palmer, O. S. B., a brother of Sister Roberta, one of the happy group, served as deacon of the Mass. Bishop Chartrand and a number of the clergy were present for the function.

—In the graduation exercises at the close of the summer school at Notre Dame University on the evening of August 6, Fathers Aemilian, Charles, Norbert, Maurus, and James, of our community, received the degree of Master of Arts.

—Father Stephen, who was one of the instructors in music at Notre Dame University, writes that he found the summer school at the University exceptionally pleasant this year—which, presumably, is due to the viewpoint. After the graduation exercises he betook himself to Ferdinand to fulfill a two-weeks' engagement with the music teachers at the convent. He was then called to perform a similar office for music teachers in the episcopal city.

—According to present indications there will be an overflow of students at College again this year. It is



regrettable that we cannot accommodate all who apply for admission to prepare themselves for the priesthood. May the Lord of Harvests move some of those who have been blessed with means to help us put up the buildings that are so urgently needed for carrying on this meritorious work.

### Book Notices

From Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:

(1) Books Two, Three, and Four of the American Cardinal Readers series, now follow the Primer and Book One of the same series. A board of capable editors has supervised the editing of these readers. All the selections therein contained have been made by pedagogical experts, and these selections are so arranged that there is a logical nexus between them. The material is graded so that progress is made step by step. The subject matter is varied and pleasing. The print is large and clear. The illustrations are to a great extent artistic and the coloring is true and accurate. Pupils will derive both pleasure and profit from the use of these readers. A. B.

(2) *Retreat Readings—Some Thoughts for Those Making Retreats*—(by Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J.—price, \$1.25 net) will prove an excellent book for retreatants. Moreover, it is very timely as the retreat movement is spreading to the great spiritual benefit of many. This book gives the history of the retreat movement together with a series of meditations on fundamental spiritual principles, besides practical reflections for all who make retreats, whether of the laity, religious, or priests. The Rev. author is well enough known to give assurance of a useful and worthwhile book. A. B.

(3) *God's Mother and Ours*, (by Sister Marie Paula, Ph. D.)—Mary is the ideal of womanhood, particularly of religious. But all children of Mary find in these inspiring talks practical means of applying her life to their everyday actions. A. B.

(4) *Good Manners—A Guide to Correct Social Usage for Catholic Schools and the Home* (by Sister James Stanislaus, Sister of St. Joseph of Carondelet). Many books of etiquette ignore things Catholic or treat them so slightly as to be of little value. Here is a book that goes into detail and covers all the phases of the Catholic's social life. Parents will find it particularly useful for training their children in the correct social usages. A. B.

*A Handbook of Fundamental Theology—Volume II Revealed Religion*, by Rev. John Brunsmann, S. V. D.; adapted and edited by Arthur Preuss. B. Herder Book Co., 15 S. Broadway, St. Louis. Price, \$4.50.—Part I of the present volume treats of the Nature and Conditions of Supernatural Revelation, while Part II shows the actual Existence of such revelation and its Divine Origin. The name of the translator is assurance of the solidity and usefulness of the work. Arrangement and print are excellent. Theological students will find the work very thorough and helpful. A. B.

*Plain Reasons for Being a Catholic*. By Very Rev. Albert Power, S. J., M. A., Rector of Corpus Christi College, Melbourne. Published by Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. Price, \$2.00 net.

Our religion is based on reason, for it has appealed to the greatest intellects and brightest intellects of our race. This volume sets forth in popular style and simple language some aspects of the appeal to reason which Catholicism makes. Its basis is the principle that, if outsiders would lay aside prejudice and learn what the Church is, not from her enemies but from

those who know her intimately, their views would receive a radical change and they would at least not side with the enemies even if they did not embrace the faith. A. B.

*Out of Many Hearts*. By the Brothers of the Holy Cross. The University Press, Notre Dame, Ind. Price, 20¢; \$14.00 per 100 copies.—In his preface to this booklet the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Bishop of Indianapolis, says: "The religious state is an essential feature of our holy faith. Its life is the life of the Church and it is an essential manifestation of this life. The work of the Church is to reproduce in every member of the human family the life of Christ. She does this, eminently, in those whose exalted calling is to follow the God-Man in the life of the counsels." Booklets such as these foster vocations and encourage young men to embrace the call to the higher life. May the reading of this booklet be fruitful in vocations. A. B.

From the International Catholic Truth Society (405 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.):

(1) *Does it Matter Much What a Man Believes?*—I. A Genetic Study in Contemporary Religious Thought; II. The Fallacy of Religious Indifferentism,—is a timely treatise by John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., Chaplain of the Catholic students at the University of Illinois. A. B.

(2) *The Love of God*, by St. Alphonsus Liguori, whose writings need no special recommendation, for they are solid and conducive to holiness of life. A. B.

(3) *First Aid to the Dead*. By Rev. C. J. Remler, C. M.—If our Catholic people, and especially the undertakers, would read this leaflet and take its suggestions to heart, many pagan practices might be avoided at funerals. A. B.

(4) *Saint Theresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face—"Her Little Way"*—by Rev. John S. Gresser, M. A., is a brief instruction that has as its object the directions of the reader along the path of life to his goal—eternal happiness. A. B.

These pamphlets by the International Catholic Truth Society sell at 5 cents each with a considerable reduction in lots of 100 or more.

*Meditations on the Rosary for Private Use*, by Rev. Wilhelm Schaeffler, translated into English by Silvia M. Welsh. Verlag Ars Sacra, Joseph Mueller, Muenchen 23, Germany. Price, \$1.00.—The use of these brief meditations will enable one to recite the Rosary with greater devotion and benefit. For each mystery there are readings from Holy Scripture and the Following of Christ. Besides these readings, each mystery is also illustrated by an artistic picture done in sepia, copied from the best masters.—The small profit that is derived from the sale of the book will be devoted to the poor. A. B.

*Chemistry in Medicine*.—The Chemical Foundation, Inc., New York.—The gracious spirit of a little child that died, not because of medicine but in spite of it, prompted the bereaved parents to make this book possible. In non-technical language, specialists in various fields of chemistry point out the possibilities of advance by cooperation between chemistry and medicine. The widely related topics, together with their importance, can be seen by the enumeration of some of the subjects treated. Chemistry and its attack on the fundamental problems, heredity, vitamins, diet, internal secretions and hormones, the laboratory and hygiene, the alleviation of suffering, germs, chemotherapy,—all find place. Especially pleasing is the authority of the writers, the reserve in presenting the claims and expectations, the avoidance of exploiting mere theories, and the presentation of fundamental facts. C. T.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## The Alluring Path

### CHAPTER XIV

#### RENEWING "AULD ACQUAINTANCE"

(Continued)

**A**FTER Freddie was gone, Thelma slammed her door and locked it, trying to cover by assumed indignation the fact that she really was a bit unnerved.

"The pest! The fool!" she cried, stamping her foot angrily. "He's got me so rattled, I won't be able to hold a brush at all."

But in a little while, Freddie was forgotten in the pleasurable anticipation of the work she was to finish at Mrs. Sturdevant's, and as she packed her artist's kit, she presently began to hum a little tune. She was glad to be back at work, partly because she loved it, partly because of the recompense she would receive at its completion. There were many things she wanted to do with that money. On going down the street, she ran into Allyn Mordaunt, her arms full of parcels from the corner grocery.

"Welcome back to our town!" she cried, stopping a moment to chat. "So you've been playing it big over on Park Drive, eh? Have a nice time?"

"Oh, lovely! Cil is such a darling; she cannot do enough for one."

"What sort of place is it?"

"Big picturesque house in Spanish style—grilled windows, little bent-iron balconies, flower boxes everywhere—you know the sort. You ought to take a trip along there sometime. No. 17 is her address."

"Perhaps I will, some day. Oh, by the way, my dear—I just saw Freddie Evers tearing down the street looking like a perfect madman. I was actually afraid of him, and edged out of his way. He saw no one, looked neither to right or left—hat jammed down over his eyes, tie pulled open and hanging loose, and he carried a suit case with the tails of things hanging out, as if he threw them in pell-mell and then strapped down the lid. Wonder what happened? Know anything about it?" Thelma bridled.

"How should I be expected to know? You people seem to think that because he tags after me, I know all his business."

"Oh, excuse me, Thel. I didn't mean anything by it; really I didn't."

"It's all right, Allie. What are you having for lunch to-day? Looks like you bought out the corner store." Thelma eyed the packages interestedly, anxious to keep the conversation off Freddie.

"Oh, Sister Bess is in town, and coming up to lunch, so I had to get something decent to eat. I don't dare tell the folks what my usual fare is, or they'd make me give up my work and come home. They think I'm in clover, and it's all my fault. I'd been writing all about the big orders I had been receiving, and now I must live up to it. Jorg lent me a ten spot until it blows over. Much as I love Bess, I hope she won't stay to too many meals." And she joined Thelma in a laugh.

"Isn't it awful?" sympathized the latter. "I'd be glad to help you out, only I'm living on borrowed coin myself. Oh, well—things must change some day. I must be trotting along. Mrs. Sturdevant will be expecting me."

Instead of taking the car or bus, Thelma suddenly decided to walk. Not one penny more would she spend of Freddie's money. She had a feeling of having trodden upon a small, uncouth animal, whose writhings of pain she could not endure to see, yet could not bear to touch to give relief. She determined to ask Mrs. Sturdevant for an advance, so she might return the borrowed money. Her cheeks burned, as she walked ever faster, her thoughts driving her on, ashamed to have driven a human being to such an extremity of grief, while living on money loaned by him. "The fool!" she kept saying. "I hope he doesn't do anything violent. I'm sure I can't help it if I hate him so. Perhaps he is right; my heart must be a rock. I've never yet met the man whom I could love, and I can't marry Freddie out of pity. So what's to be done?"

After a brisk walk, she reached the Sturdevant home, in fashionable Alhambra Court, and was ringing the bell. The rest of that week and the next and the next, were consumed in comings and goings, before the work was fully completed. Mrs. Sturdevant made her an advance, out of which she took the thirty dollars she owed Freddie, put it into an envelope, and slipped it under his door. He was still absent; no one knew whither he had gone, yet she hurried away with a queer feeling that the door might open and disclose the person she so detested, yet, strangely, against her will, pitied.

Lucilla had returned to her studio, and was working like a Trojan to finish her book. Each day her anxiety over Ted's silence took on new, keen little edges, and

she buried herself in her work more and more, scarcely allowing herself a moment's rest—And meanwhile, behind the old oaken clock with its jig-sawed aureole, on Mrs. Taggart's parlor mantel, reposed a yellow envelope, gathering the dust, for Mrs. Taggart had clean forgotten about it. It had arrived the first week after Lucilla's return from Primrose Peak, and the woman had signed for it, thinking her tenant would return in a day or two.

She seldom dusted behind the clock, because it was a cranky old thing, which, if moved, would refuse to run for days. So the telegram apprising Lucilla of her husband's accident remained there undisturbed for many weeks. When finally discovered, it was stealthily crammed into the stove along with a lot of other rubbish, for even Mrs. Taggart's sluggish brain realized it would have been unhealthy for her to deliver it at that late date.

#### CHAPTER XV—TED RETURNS

Three weeks had passed, and Lucilla came down one morning with the determination to overcome her pride and write Ted a note. Things had become unbearable, and anything was better than this dread silence, thought she. Surely one word from her would send him flying to her arms! So, with heart beating in almost happy anticipation, she put one of her lavender, gilt-edged note cards into the typewriter, and indited the following:

"Dearest:

Why so silent? Write a line sometime. Of course, I know you are very busy—so am I. My book is nearing completion. Am working all day and much of the night. How much longer do you intend staying? With love,  
Lucilla."

Having posted the letter, she felt better, and set to work again with renewed hope. Never before had she realized so keenly what Ted meant to her, until now that he was absent for so long a time. She took herself severely to task, and wondered what had possessed her formerly to be so cranky and irritable when he desired nothing better than just to share her companionship. She had imagined herself as cold, unimpassioned, capable of controlling every emotion with a strong hand, yet here she was bowed down with a yearning she was unable to master. Oh, when he returned, she would devote herself to him most absolutely, in return for his tireless devotion, with oh, what loving gratitude for all his goodness and forbearance! Her cheeks burned when she thought of the many times when she had treated his ardor with indifference—yes, even crossness. But this would all be changed now, she told herself.

Fired with these thoughts, she waited day after day for a reply, working feverishly, seeing no one, scarce-taking time to eat, hating sleep. Thelma being gone most of the time, she had no one to divert her thoughts, until, by the end of the week, had no reply come, she might actually have packed up and gone back to Primrose Peak. But at last it came. The postman reward-

ed her straining ears by rapping on her door and handing her a picture postal. Her heart sank, leaped at sight of the handwriting, and then sank lower than ever. Was that all he, Ted, the ardent lover, could find time to send? She read the hastily scribbled lines:

"Dear Cil:

Having a great time. Be home in a week or two.

Ted."

"It was not at all like him. So curt, so cut and dried! To say that she was deeply disappointed would be superfluous. She did not expect volumes, but Ted had always had the knack of putting his great ardor into a few mighty words, and he never, never left them exposed to the view of others. True, there was nothing on the card anyone mightn't read—but that was what hurt. Yet, she put the card carefully away into her purse, to be laid away later with all the other precious tokens and communications she had ever had from him. Merely the fact that it bore his handwriting placed it above gold and jewels in her estimation.

And so the dreary week dragged itself out, and now, she began daily, hourly, to expect a telegram announcing Ted's return. Late on Saturday afternoon she wrote the closing sentence of the last chapter of her book, wrote a letter to the publishers, enclosed it for mailing, and went out to get it weighed and stamped. With a sigh of relief she dropped it into the mail box, and, having phoned for her car, she was returning to the studio to get her belongings before going home, when she was overtaken by Thelma.

"Well, my book is off," Lucilla told her friend.

"Good! And now, I suppose you'll be taking a little rest?"

"A short breathing space, and then I'll be back to start on another. Just now I'm expecting Ted at any moment, and believe me, I'm going to be at home when he comes." Thelma laughed.

"Ha! Nothing like a little absence to make love grow fonder, is there?"

"Well, it does give one a chance to compare values and realize things."

"Exactly!" They were climbing the rickety stairs and Thelma wrinkled her nose at the musty odor. "Phew! Every time I come up here, I wish I had a gas mask. Don't you hate this old dump?"

"Why no; I think it is delightfully quiet and isolated here. I could never work as well at home, where telephones and doorbells and a dozen other things would interrupt me."

"Well, I suppose it's all right for you, who have a beautiful home to go to any time you get tired of it here, but as for me, I'm weary to death of this dirty street, of the tumble-down houses, of frowsy Mrs. Taggart, and my hole of a studio! I'm starved for a beautiful place to live in!" Thelma was hoping with all her might that her friend would invite her to spend the week-end on Park Drive, but Lucilla's mind seemed bound up in something else.



"Nearly finished with Mrs. Sturdevant's music room?" she asked, presently.

"Oh, about a week's work to do yet. How I do wish something would turn up to break this deadly monotony!"

"Now, now, you don't mean to tell me that jolly old Thelma has the blues, do you?"

"Cil, I don't know what has come over me lately. I've been so dissatisfied and unhappy! Life seems so vain and purposeless!" Lucilla laughed.

"Thel, do you know what you need? A nice young man to fall in love with; then your much-maligned studio would turn to rose hues and gold." Thelma sighed and turned away. A horn sounded outside.

"That's Jedson outside, I suppose; I must hurry and get my things!" Thelma stood at the door and watched her friend gather up her belongings, and, bidding her good-bye, listlessly went in to prepare her lonely evening meal.

The pale autumn sun glanced half-heartedly between the tall buildings as if tired of its long summer's job, as Lucilla sped through town; she noted its washed-out appearance, and felt a pang of regret that summer was over. She hated the closed windows of winter, shutting out the beauties of creation, and forcing the mind to accommodate itself to four walls. Then she thought of Ted, and wished heartily that he would come home soon. She had intended telling Mrs. Taggart to call her up, should any telegram arrive, but in meeting Thelma, it had slipped her mind.

The car stopped, and almost before she had reached the top step, Howard was opening the door. She was a jewel, that girl, thought Lucilla. Entering the hall, she sniffed the air; cigar smoke.

"Who's been smoking?" she asked, abruptly.

"Mr. Rawn, ma'am." She stifled an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh yes; I see." It would never do to let Howard know that Ted had not advised her of his arrival. She walked up the stairs as deliberately as she could, although her heart was beating wildly, and her feet wanted to fly. At the head of the stairs, she had a glimpse of him, clad in a lounging robe, reading a book on the chaise longue in her room. Entering the room, she closed the door, abandoned herself to her joy, and flew to his arms.

"Dearest! When did you come in, and why didn't you let me know? I would have been at the depot to meet you!" She took his face between her hands and kissed him again and again, but—how strange he was! How cold and unresponsive! He did not move a hand or open his mouth. How different from the Ted of old. Just sat and stared coldly, and, it seemed to her, reproachfully, into her eyes. A sharp pain darted through her heart. "Why Ted—what is the matter? Are you—surely you are not angry at me still over that silly little tiff we had up in the mountains?" Still no answer. Just that same hard look and the setting of his jaw. Then he took down her hands, rose, and went limping toward the door. "Ted!" she cried,

anxiously, "you're limping! Have you hurt yourself?" He stopped.

"Have I hurt myself! Be yourself, Cilla. Don't play-act." And he went to the door and seized the knob, but not before she wrenched his hand off it and held it passionately in both her own.

"Ted dear! What are you talking about? I really don't get you. I asked you if you hurt yourself. It's really a very simple question, and ought to command at least a civil answer. I'm sorry if I was irritable and headstrong up at the lodge; forgive me. But I didn't think you would be so stubborn and churlish about it. It's not like you."

"Listen here, little one," he replied sternly, "anyone who cares as little about her husband as you do, needn't bother to make all that show. I know you don't mean it, so why waste the energy?" One moment she stared at him agonizingly, then buried her face in her hands and began to sob.

"Oh, you're still angry at me, and I can't bear it! I can't!" He laughed coldly.

"No; I mustn't hurt you. I must handle your feelings with kid gloves, but as for me, I could have been shot dead up there in the mountains and you'd probably be glad of it, so your future would be provided for, and you could write books to your heart's content!" She raised her eyes, all wet with tears.

"Shot dead! Ted, what are you talking about? You don't mean that you were—" The words would not come; she was so full of anxiety.

"You ought to know; I sent you a telegram."

"Telegram! What telegram? I never received any!"

"I telegraphed you when I shot myself in the leg. Do you mean to say—" She grew pale and began to tremble.

"Oh my dearest! And I didn't know anything about it! To what address did you send the wire?"

"To the studio."

"Oh, then that explains it; I was at home during the first two weeks of October."

"Jack telegraphed on the second of October."

"Strange Mrs. Taggart didn't say anything about it! Come, let me see it. Is it quite healed?" And she pulled him back to the chaise longue.

"Oh, it's coming on all right, though I suppose I'll have to stagger around on a cane for awhile yet."

"And here I've been eating out my heart for you, thinking you were having such a good time up in the mountains! Had I known—"

"I was pretty down in the mouth myself after you'd gone; then this happened, and Jack came, and when you didn't answer my telegram, I'll admit I was pretty sore." And so they went on talking, and amends were in order. All was going famously until Lucilla mentioned that her book was finished.

"Hooray!" cried Ted. "Now I suppose you'll come home like a good girl and stay here where your old husband can find you when he comes." Fear clutched at her heart; the anxiety so lately laid at rest was raising its head again. She did not reply at once.

"Why so silent?" he asked, playfully. "You can put



your desk and typewriter, in one of the third-floor rooms and write to your heart's content. How about it?"

"You wouldn't think of doing *your* work at home," she countered. He laughed and tousled her curls.

"No, of course not, honey; but my work is different. I couldn't bring all my files and clerks and stenographers here, could I?" She was silent, and he laughed again and tilted her chin upward. "Such an important decision! Well, I'm not asking you to give it up entirely; write as much as you want, but I want you to get away from that mad bunch of freethinkers before you become like them. Remember, you are my wife, and you ought to try to please me a little bit anyway." She was twisting the tassel of his dressing gown, afraid to make known the absolute changelessness of her mind on the subject.

"I'm afraid I'll lose all my inspiration if I try to write at home; the very surroundings down there are suggestive of all sorts of plots." He was determined not to be angry.

"Well, I'll let you think it over. I won't press you for a decision just now. For the present, let us be happy. I'm not going back to the office just yet—not until my leg feels a lot better. So you and I can have a little honeymoon at home, eh?"

Starved for the love and companionship which absence had made so keen, she was glad to defer trouble and yield herself to the sweet moment.

*(To be continued)*

### What the Boys Think

At a convention in a certain city, many college boys from all over the country gave their opinion of the modern girl—that is, the girl who has thrown off all convention, started in smoking and drinking, acting rowdy at parties and on auto rides, and wearing daring clothes. Now, all of these girls think they will become immensely popular by doing these things—that the boys think they are clever and dashing—alas! Poor, foolish, deluded things, going about making spectacles of themselves! Read what the boys really think of these girls:

"The main reason why there isn't much gallantry toward women these days is, that they offend the conventions so much," says one university boy. "Now take for instance a girl going down the street in one of these new-fangled backless dresses, stockingless, and smoking a cigarette—she may be a very moral girl, but most folks will think otherwise. The average man takes one look and figures she isn't respectable—and treats her accordingly." So there you are, girls; there's one opinion.

Here's another: "Many of them start smoking because they want to be 'good fellows.' Now, why a girl should want to be a good fellow or any other kind of a fellow, I can't figure. Why can't she just be herself?"

And another: "These girls who like to share flasks with the boys, and think it clever to become just a lit-

tle 'tight.' That's not clever; that's disgusting. I've never yet seen a tipsy woman who was charming."

Again: "A man may go out with a girl like that just to be amused by her; but down in his heart he feels no respect for her whatsoever. If she is insulted, she has brought it on herself."

A fifth student said: "I think it would help matters a great deal if the boy friends of adventuresome girls would let it be known that they prefer modesty in a girl instead of wildness and 'good-fellowship.' Among themselves they only make fun of her and bandy her name about. A man likes to think of a girl as a pure and elevated being—just a little less than the angels. Naturally, any girl acting the rowdy will outrage this fine inner sense that he possesses, filling him with disgust and cynicism."

Now, if there are any of our Catholic girls who have had leanings toward this "modern girl" stuff, let her pause and ponder well. The Catholic girl ought to be proof against all fads and fancies that might detract ever so little from her respectability, and if all the world turns wild, and runs to seed on this modern stuff, she ought to take pride in standing out like a beacon light for all the world to see. Decency and respectability are inherent in man's breast, and the girl who adheres to them in spite of being seemingly neglected and "out of the swim," will eventually reap the harvest of her modesty and conservatism. She ought to be too proud to stoop to unconventionalism and indecency just in order to be counted a "good fellow."

### The Household Refrigerator

Many people are now using their refrigerators the year around, because the temperature in them is even and dependable, no matter what the weather is outside, so it may not be amiss to say a word about the placing of foods within them.

Of all perishable foods going into the refrigerator, milk needs the most intelligent care. Never place a dirty milk bottle in the refrigerator, because that brings dirt into the place that ought to be the cleanest in the house. Always wash and wipe off the entire bottle before putting it in the ice box, especially the top, where the milk must be poured out. Place it in the coldest part of the box, because the cold slows up bacteriological decomposition. The coldest place is just beneath the ice chamber. Butter, too, should be kept very cold, and it must also be kept in a covered dish, since it absorbs any strong odor that is near it.

Meat should have the next coldest place. Take it out of the paper at once and lay on a plate; then place it on the bottom, beneath the shelves. Cooked meats should be placed here too, but in tightly covered containers since it will dry out quickly if left uncovered. Fish must be in a cold place, but must be covered tightly, because it will transmit its odor to any delicate food near it. Bowls and plates take up much valuable space in a refrigerator. A good idea is to use Mason jars or the mayonnaise jars that accumulate. Place foods in the size jar that will best suit the amount left over.

These can be tightly covered, and will keep more perfectly than if left uncovered.

Berries should be placed on the shelf just above the meat, as they require very dry, cold air, which checks the mold that likes to gather on them. Eggs do not require such a cold place, and may be placed on the top shelf. Wet lettuce and celery and place in mason jar, screwed shut. It will keep crisp for days.

### Our Basements

A number of modern architects are trying to bring out the idea that we are missing something by allowing our basements to be abused and neglected—a mere place to wash and iron, to hang clothes on a rainy day, a place to have a furnace with all its dusty and sooty appurtenances, tubs of ashes and boxes of kindling and a storage place for coal, garden implements, carpenter tools, etc. If we stop to think a moment, we will realize that here, just beneath our carefully-kept rooms, is an exact duplicate of the space on the first floor. Is it necessary to have implements and paraphernalia scattered all about this space, or could it be stored in one compact little room, or perhaps two or three little rooms, leaving the balance of the space to be fixed up as a sort of general living room or nursery, or playroom, or party room?

One enterprising man with a family of eight, did realize the waste of space in the cellar, and proceeded to partition the place off. He had the hot and cold hydrants moved from the center of the cellar to the back wall, where a bright window made an ideal place for a laundry. Here he made a room where his wife could wash and iron in comfort; the furnace and coal bin were next partitioned into a room together, and made dust-proof. Another boiler section was added to the furnace, and small ceiling heaters placed in each room. There was a small room, unheated, for the storage of jellies and preserves, and a fourth, unheated too, for trunks, boxes, implements, tools, etc. Now, the main part of the cellar was free and empty, with all the necessary parts taken care of.

Here he proceeded to make a large room, with board floor, and plasterboard walls. The floor was stained, varnished and waxed to an unscratchable brilliance; the walls and ceiling were panelled, colored a dainty pink, and the panelling stained dark oak. An old rug and some discarded furniture were furbished up and placed in it, as also the children's toys, rocking horses and kiddy cars, and he had an ideal nursery and play room. Here the children spent many happy hours in winter, or rainy summer days, until their growing years dictated new tastes, and the room grew up with them. Later, it became a party room too; a billiard table was added, and a radio installed, and here the young people bring their friends, roll up the rug whenever they have a mind, and have a rollicking good time dancing.

Another man decided to leave the whole cellar space in one, merely storing all tools and seldom-used articles in a bin at the front of the cellar. The coal was stored

beneath the front porch, with a dust-proof door, and the furnace was one of the good-looking sectional-coil kind, that can be painted and gilded like the room radiators. Coke was burned, and the ash negligible, while the cement floor was given three coats of dark red paint and then well waxed. A rug was put down and some porch furniture purchased, and an old dining room table completed the picture. It made an ideal card room in hot weather.

### Household Hints

Tire patches will repair worn places on children's rubber shoes nicely. Rubbers and galoshes can be given a new lease of life too in this way.

Learn how to put in electric fuses; then if one blows out during the day, you will not have to delay your washing or ironing by a long wait until the repair man arrives.

A small horeshoe magnet is a great help in the sewing machine drawer; if one drops a needle on the floor, just pass the magnet around the floor and, presto! Your needle is found instantly.

Patent leather bags may be renovated by washing with a little water and ivory soap, then rubbing on a small amount of vaseline and polishing with a soft dry cloth. Shoes may be treated the same way.

Be sure to wash all fruit before eating, especially grapes, as small insects often hide between them.

### Recipes

For Friday luncheon, take large ripe tomatoes, cut off tops, hollow out carefully and fill with creamed cottage cheese which has been mixed with cut-up pimientos and green peppers, two or three sweet pickles, all chopped, and a little salt and paprika. Stuff the tomatoes with this mixture and pour over each a tablespoon of mayonnaise or French dressing. Serve with buttered salt crackers.

GINGER CRISPS: Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar; add 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon and nutmeg and ginger, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, and flour enough to roll out. Cut with cookie cutter and bake in quick oven.

O Thou Memorial of our Lord's own dying!

O Bread that living art and vivifying!

Make ever Thou my soul on Thee to live;

Ever a taste of heavenly sweetness give.

—St. Thomas—"Adore Te."

### Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

(Continued from page 237)

not know. I do know that there are few boys or girls who have grown up without at some time making a wild and painful attempt to crowd their feet into shoes that were too small for them. This is the beginning of at least 75% of all the foot trouble that we have.



## Dr. Helen's Consulting Room



Conducted by HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

Dr. H. "In our last lesson we took a peep at the work in the "little house" that each of us carries around with us all the time: the central station for all the blood in the body, the place where it is collected and receives the force that drives it on its endless round in the body.

"We saw that it was collected in the right auricle, and that from there it was sent into the right ventricle. The right ventricle drives it to the laundry, which is the lungs. From the lungs it is collected again and passed into the left auricle and from there into the left ventricle, which with a great contraction drives it into the vessels that again carries it to all parts of the body, and at last brings it to the right auricle again. Round and round it goes and we speak of its movement as the 'circulation.'

Dr. H. "Do you follow me, Mr. Rackham?"

Mr. R. "I do. I do in a kind of a way, but I don't know what all this talk is about. You promised to tell us something about heart disease, and now you go off lecturing again."

Dr. H. "Well, have a little patience and I will get to something that you will want to hear yet."

Mr. R. "Well, I hope so."

Dr. H. "The different chambers of the heart drive the blood forward, always forward, by contracting down on it, thus making pressure. When this pressure is made, you can readily see that the blood in part might escape backward as well as forward. This is provided against by valves at the openings, which close firmly behind the blood and at the same time open before it. For example, when the right ventricle contracts to send the blood into the lungs, the little trapdoor through which the blood came from the right auricle closes behind it so that the blood has no where to go but straight ahead into the vessels leading to the lungs."

Mrs. Carey. "Why! I never heard of such a thing in the heart. How did they find out about it?"

Mr. R. "Why, but you let the woman talk? She's coming to the valves at last and she said they had a lot to do with heart disease."

Dr. H. "Yes, I am coming to the valves now, and, as Mr. Rackham seems to suspect, they have a great deal to do with heart disease. Perhaps 60% or 70% of all the heart disease in the world has to do with just this part of the heart—the valves."

Mr. R. "And how could that be at all? They are only little bits of skin closing these trapdoors. It is the heart itself that does the work."

Dr. H. "Now, let us consider the purpose of these valves again. They are to prevent the blood flowing backward, when the chamber contracts, at the same time they relax when they are in front of the blood stream, and allow it to pass through smoothly. If in any way the edge of this valve got hardened or rough-

ened, it could no longer make a nice firm closure and some of the blood would begin escaping backward. You have perhaps observed a leaky valve in a pump. You know how many more strokes you have to make to fill your pail?"

Mr. R. "Yes, I know that."

Dr. H. "Well, if you had to fill a certain number of pails every hour, what would happen?"

Mr. R. "Why, I'd have to work harder."

Dr. H. "Well, that is precisely what happens to the heart. It has to work harder."

Mr. R. "I see that. But how does it ever happen that the valves get rough? There is no dirt nor rust where they are."

Dr. H. "Now, that is hardly true, Mr. Rackham. There is no dust or rust there, as you put it, but in the circulation minute germs float, but as they float in the air about us. You know that little seeds so small that you cannot see them, float about everywhere, and when they meet with a suitable place, they light there and begin to grow. You have seen moss on the roof of an old house. That moss was originally a small seed floating in the air. It came in contact with a moist old roof and persistently began to grow into millions of such little seeds which form the patches of green moss that we can see very plainly. Little seeds or germs float in the circulation, and some of them find the valves a suitable place, so they attach themselves there and soon form little rough wads that prevent the valves from closing properly or even from relaxing properly. Part of the blood escapes backward and the heart has to do that work over again, just as you have to pump extra when you have a leaky valve in your pump."

Mr. R. "I see. I see the whole thing, but what in heck can a man do then? He can't have his valves ground as if he were an auto?"

Dr. H. "No, it's not so easy as that."

Mr. R. "Well, is there any hope at all for him, and how does he find out about his leaky valves? Can't you come to the point and tell us something about what to do?"

Dr. H. "Now, that you are so impatient and annoying, I will not say any more to-day. At our next class we will talk about how a man comes to know that his valves are leaking."

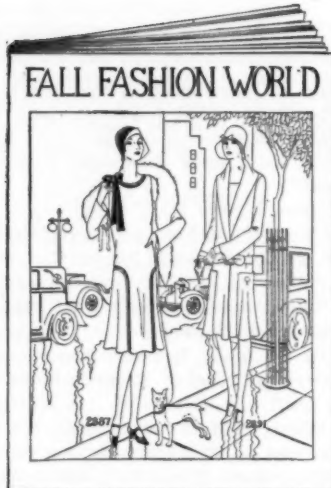
### QUESTION BOX

"The Foot—continued:—I want to say a few more words about the foot. It is a very important and a very neglected member of the body. We must become "foot conscious" as we are "hand conscious" before our mind will be in the right attitude to care for the feet.

Few of us are "foot conscious" beyond the fact that we think them too large. Just why it should be such a widespread opinion that our feet are too large, I do

(Continued on page 236)

## The Grail Fashion Department



In every circle there is the smartest dressed woman. She bears and deserves that title because she makes her selection from a correct offering and has in mind the while that certain lines most become her type.

You should not envy her but, rather, should follow her example. See the most attractive and charming styles and make your selection with care.

The first step is to obtain the Fall Fashion Magazine showing all that is new and of good line. Just send 15 cents in stamps or coin to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT.

### How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper, being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to THE GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly. (Unless your order specifies number of pattern and size desired, your order will receive no attention.)

No. 2875—Slenderizing Lines. It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires

3½ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting for vestee and ½ yard of 36-inch for tie strings.

No. 2923—Jacket Costume. It is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch figured material with 1½ yards of 39-inch plain material.

No. 3405—Smart One-Piece Dress. It is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting and 4¼ yards of binding.

No. 2903—Dips Its Hem. It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 243—The Popular Ensemble. It is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 7 yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3328—An Adorable Apron. It is designed in small, medium and large sizes. The medium size requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material with 12 yards of binding.

No. 463—Clever Lines. It is designed in sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

Emb. No. 730—Narrow Border. Pattern includes 5 yards of each band. The upper band is about ¼ of an inch wide. The middle band is ¾-inch and the lower, flower band is ½-inch wide. (blue or yellow).

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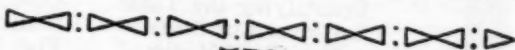
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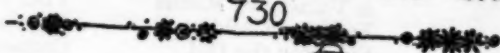
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3328



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## Graymoor's Perpetual Novena to St. Anthony increases in Popularity



A new Novena to St. Anthony is started every Tuesday by the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement in the Church of St. Francis on the Mount of the Atonement, Graymoor, N. Y. This amounts in actual practice to a Perpetual Novena, for as a Novena which begins on Tuesday ends on the Wednesday of the following week, before its conclusion a new Novena begins and consequently these Tuesday Novenas constitute an Endless Chain, each Novena being interlinked with its successor. The Popularity of these Novenas Increases All the While. A thousand clients of the Wonder-Worker of Padua have written to the Graymoor Friars, bearing testimony to the efficacy of this Novena.

M. T. C.—New York City.—"Enclosed find an offering for Saint Anthony's Bread, which I promised if my apartment was rented. It was rented to-day and I received a month's rent in advance so I feel indebted to Saint Anthony."

Mrs. P. H.—Chicago, Ill.—"Our baby boy arrived on Saint Valentine's Day. Enclosed is the offering I promised to St. Anthony if I had a safe delivery."

T. S. W.—Denver, Col.—"I made a novena asking St. Anthony to help me sell my house. The house was sold on the first day of the novena so you will find my thank-offering enclosed."

Mrs. W. H. G.—New York City.—"Enclosed is my offering for having received a better position, more pay and better hours. I assure you I appreciate what Saint Anthony has done for me."

Mrs. R. J. A.—Binghamton, N. Y.—"Through Saint Anthony my husband who was out of work has now found a position. I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving."

Mrs. M. D.—Scranton, Penna.—"My niece who was graduated from Normal School almost three years ago had been able to teach only six days, through the intercession of Saint Anthony she is now starting her fourth week teaching; I am enclosing the offering I promised."

E. C.—Bridgeport, Conn.—"Sometime ago I wrote asking to be remembered in the novena to Saint Anthony as I had severe pain in my right side, that was very annoying. I am feeling so much better that I am enclosing the offering which I promised if my petition was granted."

G. M. L.—Nemana, Alaska.—"I am enclosing an offering in thanksgiving to Saint Anthony for the recovery of my Mother's health after a surgical operation."

Mrs. J. M. C.—Cedar Rapids, Nebr.—"We had been trying for some time to sell some live stock but no one seemed to care to purchase it. As soon as we asked St. Anthony to help us, however, we were able to sell all we wished to dispose of. Saint Anthony is a good partner and we are very grateful to him."

Address all petitions to

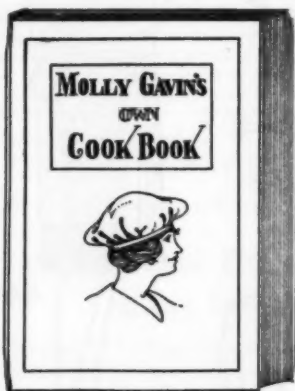
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# THE MEDAL of SAINT BENEDICT

## PROFIT SHARING PLAN

Many persons at times think within themselves: "I wish I had become a religious." Such an unfulfilled wish can still bear fruit. All those that heeded not the higher call, or never even felt such a call, can nevertheless become affiliated with a religious order. They can share in its fruits at least. The BENEDICTINES will gladly make a compact with you. Read the terms of the compact on this same page.

TODAY THERE ARE  
BENEDICTINES IN  
TWENTY-NINE DIFFERENT COUNTRIES:

United States	Italy
Switzerland	France
Bavaria	Spain
Germany	Belgium
England	Austria
Scotland	Brazil
Portugal	Canada
Philippines	Africa
Australia	Chile
Luxembourg	China
Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

## A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PERFORMED IN THE ORDER.

### THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you *daily* say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

## THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Only one more year and this Order will celebrate its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

## AIM OF BENEDICTINE LIFE

The Benedictine aim is: TOTAL OBLATION OF SELF TO GOD'S SERVICE.

This oblation begins with a vowed, life-long detachment from riches, sensual pleasures, and self-will. It grows perfect:

1. Primarily, through the "Opus Dei," the *Work of God*, by which is meant the daily solemn worship of God through the Sacred Liturgy: chiefly the Mass and the Divine Office. St. Benedict says in his holy Rule: "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

### THE RETURNS

The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

## WEAR A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict's Medal is one of the oldest in existence. There is a special form of blessing for it, in the Catholic Ritual. For many centuries it has been an instrument of spiritual graces and bodily blessings for devout users. You, too, can join the vast army of Saint Benedict's clients. Become a child of his benevolence, by the faithful wearing of his medal.

## HOW TO GET A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Send five cents (5¢) in coin or stamps—enough to pay the purchase price and postage—and we will procure TWO MEDALS for you, have them BLESSED IN THE GROTTA OF SAINT BENEDICT, here in St. Meinrad, and mail them to you. Send your coin or stamps, and address, to:

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It is a beautiful story of a boy with an angel voice, of a sister who loved him, and of the church to which both gave their devoted service. A story that will grip the heart and every reader, just as the singing of "Mother Machree" by the boy hero of this beautiful book, gripped the hearts of the hardened habitués of the East Side saloon.

**MARIA CHAPDELAINE**, by *Louis Hemon.*

This is a tale of Canadian pioneer life. The story of her love, her loss and her great decision is told with such restraint as to give a deep feeling of reality to this romance of life among the lonely places of "that great sad land whose winters are of a relentless rigor, whose brief enduring summers of a tropic fierceness."

**FALSE PROPHETS**, by *Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.*

Father Gillis in this book takes up the "False Prophets" of our own day—Wells, Shaw, Haeckel, Freud, Conan Doyle, Nietzsche, Mark Twain, James Harvey Robinson—dissects their false theories, points out their false philosophy, and with rapier-like thrusts shows that sound Catholic principles are still the impregnable safeguards of our lives. His brilliant style, his precision of thought and word, and his unflinching sense of humor make "False Prophets" the outstanding contribution to Catholic letters in many years.

**ONE HOUR WITH HIM**, by *the Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph L. J. Kirlin.*

This book differs altogether in scope and contents from previous works of its kind, by taking for Eucharistic meditations the popular devotions of the Church, such as the mysteries of the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc., also various subjects ever treated before from this standpoint, such as the Beatitudes, the Corporal Works of Mercy, etc. It is not a prayerbook, and yet it is a book of prayer.

**THE GATES OF OLIVET**, by *Lucille Borden.*

This delightful story of a girl's struggle to realize a beautiful ideal, introduces a new author to Catholic readers. "The Gates of Olivet" is a Catholic novel of a new order—a finely written story with no more religion in it than in our everyday life. A charming romance into which the author has woven the grace, mystery, and beauty of an aesthetic religion.

**THE IMITATION OF CHRIST**, by *Thomas à Kempis.*

"The Imitation of Christ" is the story of a human soul, in which is caught up the reflection of countless other souls with the same yearnings, the same strivings, the same doubts and uncertainties and torments of unrest. It is the voice of the race calling across the chasm of the years. The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired.

**LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI**, by *Michael Williams.*

Brother Francis is a favorite Saint of the children. That man who talked to the birds, who made the wolf his friend, that man who in his youth turned from life of adventure and excitement to live in utmost simplicity, will never fail to hold the growing boy. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals and his essential friendliness. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people and also their parents.

**THE HIGH ROMANCE**, by *Michael Williams.*

The spiritual autobiography of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his Faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church. His entry into newspaper work, his brave fight against disease, his spiritual conversion—all these are described in chapters which interest and completely charm the reader. The account of his conversion to Catholicism is one of the finest gems of modern spirituality.

**THE WHITE SISTER**, by *F. Marion Crawford.*

Marion Crawford is better known to Catholic readers than any other novelist. He has written over 40 volumes, of which "The White Sister" is probably the most popular. This book has gone through 19 editions, and in 1922 it was filmed and shown in most of the movie theaters in the Country.

**GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE**, by *Richard Aumerle Maher.*

In this book the author has quite an interesting figure in Daidie Grattan. The story is her story from the day when she revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand, through that period when something closely akin to tragedy touches her, to that happier time which sees the fulfillment of her dream. A strong story, firmly grasped, tersely and vigorously told.

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